The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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TO-MORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELLA WHEELER.

How long ago it seems. How far away.
We stood together,
And heard the robins pass the time o' day.
The golden weather
Fell 'round us, like a warm heart's loving smile;
"Nay, do not sorrow,"
You said, "I go but for a little while,
And come to-morrow."

The sun hung midway in the skies of blue,
But sombre shadows
Crept over hills and vales, and through
And o'er the meadows.
"How weak I am," I said, "to shed these tears;
What idle sorrow!
I will not nourish such unfounded fears.
He'll come to-morrow."

Ah, love! how very long the days have grown.
Ten years have drifted
Since you went on and left me here alone.
No cloud has lifted.
Yet I am patient, waiting in the gloom,
And do not sorrow.
This is *to-day!* the morning has not come!
Not yet the morrow.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XXXI.

COMING HOME TO DIE.

Time went on again; nearly a fortnight. Dallory had relapsed into its old routine, and the fever was forgotten. Houses had recovered the smell of soap and scrubbing; their inhabitants were back again; and amidst them Mrs. North and her daughter Matilda.

The chief news Madam found to interest her was, that Richard North had opened the works again. The glow of hope it raised within her was bright indeed; for she looked upon it as an assurance that supplies would come in again for the future as they had in the past. That she would find herself mistaken was exceedingly probable; Richard himself could have said a certainty. Madam had the grace to express some calm regret for the untimely death of Bessy, in the hearing of Mr. North and Richard; she had put herself and Matilda into deeper mourning than they had assumed for James Bohun. It was all of the most fashionable and costly kind; and the master of Dallory Hall, poor helpless man, had the pleasure of receiving the bills for it from the London court-milliners and dressmakers. But Madam never inquired into the particulars of Bessy's illness and death; in her opinion the less fevers were talked of the better.

Yes; the North works were re-opened. Or, to be quite correct, they were close on the point of it. Upon how small a scale he must begin again, Richard, remembering the magnitude of past operations, felt almost ashamed to think. But, as he good-humoredly remarked, half a loaf was better than no bread. He must get a living; he had not a fortune in the bank, or elsewhere, to fly to; and he preferred doing this to seeking employment under other firms, if indeed anything worth having had been to be found; but the country's trade was in a most depressed state, and hundreds of gentlemen, like himself, had been thrown out. It was the same thing as beginning life over again; just a little adventure, that might succeed or might not; one in which he must plod on carefully and cautiously, even to keep it going.

The whole staff of operatives would at first be under twenty men. The old workmen, idly airing themselves still in North Inlet, laughed derisively when they heard this. Twenty men, indoor and out, including the master himself, in that there big block o' buildings, they shouted to one another. What was they a-going to make—wheelbarrows?—bridges for dogs to trot across?—railway carriages to carry dolls? The men were pleasantly sarcastic over it, thinking perhaps they concealed their real bitterness of heart. The new measure did not find favor with them. How should it, when they stood in the light of excluded parties? Some eight or ten, who had never been willing upholders of the strike, who had been ready to return to work all along, would be taken on again; the rest, foreigners, Richard North was bringing over from abroad. And the ire of the disaffected was great.

Truly the men were like the dog in the manger—as Richard North formally told them. They would not do the work themselves: had Richard now again offered it to them, they would have declined it, as before; and yet they wished to prevent others doing it. Ay, and intended to prevent, luck being good for it. The strike and its disastrous accompaniments seemed to have wholly changed the character of these poor mistaken operatives. They used, speaking of them as a whole, to be as respectable and civil and sensible a body of men as one could wish to find; but now they were sullen and depressed, almost ferocious, next door to desperate. Out at pocket and elbows; out of hope and heart; their homes were desolate, their wives resentful, their children ragged, sickly, dying. Neither men nor women, neither growing children nor infants ever knew now what it was to have a substantial meal of good wholesome food. And of course the question lay heavily on the minds of the most thoughtful—Where and in what way was it to end? Richard North had told them—in starvation, or the workhouse; and the prospect looked nearer now than it had then. The only thing money seemed to be found pretty readily for, was tobacco; since the men might still be seen with their pipes. Beer also could be bought occasionally—and perhaps they required it, in their state of long-continued, incipient famine.

Mrs. Gass entered cordially into Richard's plans. She would have put money wholesale into his new undertaking—or, as she generally expressed it, his new venture; and in truth it might be called new, and a venture also. But Richard would not have it. Some portion of her capital that had been embarked in the firm of North and Gass, remained in it of necessity—all, in fact, of it that was not lost—but this she reckoned as nothing, and wanted to help Richard further. "It's o' no good crying after spilt milk, Mr. Richard," she said to him, philosophically; "and I've still got a deal more than I shall ever want." But Richard was firm; he would not be helped further; it was a risk, and he preferred to incur it alone.

Perhaps there were few people living that Richard North liked better than Mrs. Gass. He even liked her homely mode of speech; it was honest, genuine; far more to be respected than if she had made a show of attempting what she could not have kept up. Richard had grown to know her worth; he recognized it more surely day by day. In his uncomfortable home at Dallory Hall—which had long to him been anything but a home—he had got into the habit of almost making a second one with Mrs. Gass. Never a day passed but he spent an hour or two of it with her; and she would coax him to remain for meals as often as she could.

He sat one afternoon at her well-spread tea-table. His arrangements were pretty well organized now; and in a day the works would open. The foreign workmen had come, and were lodged with their families in the places appointed for them. Two policemen, paid by Richard, had also taken up their position in Dallory, purposely to protect them. Of course the object of the officers was not made known; Richard North would not be the one to provoke hostilities, or even let it be suspected he feared them; but he was quite aware of the ill-feeling obtaining amidst his former workmen.

"Blessed idiots, they be!" said Mrs. Gass, confidentially, as she handed Richard his cup of tea. "They want a lesson read to 'em, Mr. Richard, that's what it is."

"I can't tell about that," dissented Richard. "I should have thought they could hardly find a better lesson than these last few months must have been."

"Ah, you don't know 'em as I do, Mr. Richard. I'm a'most double your age, sir; and there's nothing gives one experience like years."

Richard laughed. "Not double my age yet, old friend."

"Any ways, I might have been your mother—if you'll excuse my saying of it," she persisted. "You be hard upon thirty-three, and I'm two years turned fifty."

It was in this plain manner that Mrs. Gass usually liked to make her propositions so undeniable. Certainly she might, so far as age went, have been Richard's mother.

"I know them men better than you do, Mr. Richard; and I say they want a lesson read to 'em yet. And they'll get it, sir. But we'll leave the subject for a bit, if you please. I've been tired of it for some time past, and I'm sure you have. To watch men, once sensible, act like fools and persist in acting, spite of everybody and everything, is wearying to one's patience. Is it to-morrow that you open?"

"The day after."

"Well, now, Mr. Richard, I'd like to say another word upon a matter that you and me don't agree on—and it's not often our opinions differs, is it, sir? It's touching your capital. I know you'll want more than you can command: it would be giving me a real pleasure, if you'll let me find it."

Richard smiled, and shook his head decisively.

"I cannot say more about it than I have said before," was his reply. "You know all I have urged."

"Look here: promise this," returned Mrs. Gass. "If ever you find yourself at a pinch as things go on, say you'll come to me. I don't ask you, if the concern should turn out a losing one, a hopeless one (which I know it won't unless them precious Trades' Unions sets it a-fire, like the incendiaries they are, and I can call 'em nothing better,) for in that case I know cords wouldn't draw you to have help from me. But when you are getting on, and money would be useful, and its employment safe and sure, I shall look for you to come to me. Now, that's enough. I want to put a question, Mr. Richard, that delicacy has kept me from bothering you with before. What about their expenses at Dallory Hall? *You* can't pretend to keep 'em up."

"Ah," said Richard, "that has been my great nightmare. But I think I see a way through it—at least, in my own mind. First of all, I have given notice to Miss Dallory that we shall not require the lease renewed: it will be up, you know, next March."

"Good," observed Mrs. Gass.

"My father knows nothing of it—it is of no use to trouble him earlier than need be; and of course Madam does not. *She* imagines that the lease will be renewed as a matter inevitable. Miss Dallory will, at my request, keep counsel—or, rather, her brother Francis for her, for it is he who transacts her business."

"They know then that you are the real lessee of Dallory Hall? Lawk a mercy, what a simpleton I be!" broke off Mrs. Gass. "Of course they must have knowed it when the transfer was made."

Richard nodded.

"As soon as Christmas turns I shall begin to look out for a moderate house in lieu of the Hall; one that I shall have hopes of being able to keep up. It shall have a good garden for my father's sake. There'll be frightful rebellion on the part of Madam and Matilda, but I can't help that. I cannot do more than my means will allow."

"Look here, Richard; don's you worry yourself about not being able to keep up a house for Mr. North. I'll do my part to that: all of it, if need be. He and my husband were partners and friends, and grew rich together. Mr. North has lost his savings—but I have kept mine; and I shall never see him wanting in any comfort while he lives. We'll look out for a pretty villa-cottage, with a lovely garden; and he'll be happier in it than he has ever been in that grand big hall. If Madam don't like to bring her pride down to it, let her be off elsewhere—and a good riddance of bad rubbish! I say, though, Mr. Richard, have you heard the news about Mary Dallory?"

"What news," he asked.

"That she's going to be married to Captain Bohun."

Richard North drank down his tea at a gulp. His face had flushed a little.

"I know that Madam wishes it, and is working for it," he answered. "Miss Dallory has been staying at Sir Noah Bohun's."

"I hear that Madam has given it out that they're going to marry one another," rejoined Mrs. Gass. "By the way, Mr. Richard, how is Captain Bohun getting on, after his fit of the janders?"

"He is better. Nearly well."

Mrs. Gass took a good bite of buttered toast.

"I shall believe in that there marriage when it has took place, Mr. Richard; not before. Unless I'm uncommonly out, Captain Bohun cares for another young lady too well to think of Mary Dallory. Folks mayn't suspect it; and I b'lieve don't. But I have had my eyes about me."

Richard knew that she alluded to Ellen Adair.

"They are both as sweet and good girls as ever lived, and a gentleman may think himself lucky to get either of 'em. Mr. Richard, your coat-sleeve's a-touching of the potted-ham."

Richard smiled a little as he wiped his cuff. Mourning was always bad wear, he remarked, showing every little stain. And then he said a few words about her for whom it was worn—which he had rarely done since she died.

"I cannot get reconciled to her death," he said in a low tone. "At times can scarcely believe in it. To have been carried off after only a day of fever!—it seems incredible."

And Mrs. Gass felt that the words startled her to tremor. She turned away lest he should see it in her countenance.

Bad news arrived from Mrs. Cumberland. Only a morning or two later, a thundering knock at the front door disturbed Jelly and Dinah at their breakfast. Upon its being opened by the latter, Dr. Rane walked straight into the kitchen without ceremony, an open letter in his hand. Jelly rose and curtseyed. She had been markedly respectful to the doctor of late—perhaps in very fear lest he should suspect the curious things her mind was running on.

"My mother will be home to-night, Jelly."

"To-night—sir!" exclaimed Jelly, in her surprise.

"She is much worse. Very ill indeed. She says she is coming home to die."

Jelly shrieked: startled out of her equanimity.

"It is only three lines—she writes herself," continued Dr. Rane, just showing the letter in his hand, as if in confirmation. "They were to go to London yesterday, stay there the night, and will come home to-day. Of course you will have all things in readiness."

"Yes, sir. And what about meeting my mistress at the station?"

"I shall go myself," said Dr. Rane.

He went away with the last words. Jelly sat still for a few minutes to digest the news, and came to the conclusion that "coming home to die" was but a figure of speech of Mrs. Cumberland's. Then she rose up to begin her preparations, and overwhelmed the bewildered Dinah with fifteen orders at once.

During the day, Jelly, in pursuance of something or other she wanted, was walking at a sharp pace towards Dallory, when in passing the Hall gates she found herself accosted by Mrs. North. Madam was taking her usual promenade in the grounds, and had extended it to the gates. Jelly stood still in sheer amazement; it was the first time within her recollection that Madam had condescended to address herself or any other inhabitant of the neighborhood.

How was Mrs. Cumberland?—and *there* was she? Madam graciously asked. And Jelly, in the moment's haste answered that she was at Eastsea.

"To stay the winter, I believe," went on Madam. "And Miss Adair—is she with her?"

"I ought to have said was at Eastsea,"

THE GANGES—THE SACRED RIVER OF THE HINDOOS.

We have all heard of the Ganges. Some of our readers may have visited its banks and navigated its sacred waters. To the majority, however, we suppose the Ganges is only a name. It is the holy river of the Hindoos. By them it has always been accounted the most sacred of rivers. The devotee hastens to perform his ablutions with its water, and believes himself purified from all sin; or he resolves on a sacrifice, and offers himself as the victim, by the commission of suicide in the river. The feet of the dying are immersed in it, that the departing spirit may go straight to the Hindoo paradise; and, even in British courts of justice, Hindoos are sworn upon its waters, as Christians and Mohammedans are on their sacred books. The Ganges is an essential part of Hindooism. But the English, if they value their Indian possessions, are as much indebted to the Ganges as the Hindoos themselves. It is the great highway by which they have acquired their richest possessions, and the grand route of communication by which they now maintain their authority.

Like the Nile, the Ganges is subject to annual inundations. The tropical rains are in both instances the cause—but with this difference; the Nile is affected by rains which fall in its upper regions only; the Ganges by rains which descend throughout its whole extent. The waters begin to rise in April, at first by very slow degrees, but gradually increasing from one inch to three inches in the day. The fall of rain does not begin in Bengal till the middle of June, by which time the increase of rise is five inches a day; at the beginning of August a decrease takes place, and from that month to November, the waters gradually sink to their old level.

The inundations, though fully anticipated, have sometimes occasioned great disasters. A single flood of the Ganges has destroyed fifty thousand persons. The whole of the surrounding country has been covered, and the loss of property as well as of life has been very great.

The banks of the Ganges are ornamented and enriched by many populous cities; and thousands of villages, temples, and bungalows impart a picturesque and agreeable aspect. The accompanying engraving furnishes a better idea of the banks of the Ganges in the populated districts than could be done by any written description.

corrected Jelly, who did not like Madam well enough to be more than barely civil. "My mistress is worse, and is coming home to-day. Miss Adair is with her of course. I must wish you good morning, Madam, I've got my work before me." And away went Jelly, leaving Madam a mental compliment:

"Nasty proud cat! she had got some sly motive for asking, I know."

And so the day went on.

The early dusk of the autumn evening was beginning to fall, together with a storm of rain, when the carriage containing Mrs. Cumberland stopped at her door. Jelly ran out; and was met by Ellen Adair; who spoke in a frightened whisper:

"Oh Jelly, she is so ill! she cannot speak."

The doctor stood helping his mother out. Ann was gathering sundry small articles in her arms from beside the driver. Jelly caught one glimpse of her mistress's face and fell back in alarm. Surely that blue look was for death!

"She ought not to have come," murmured Dr. Rane in Jelly's ear. "Go and ask Seeley to step over—while I get my mother upstairs."

There was some bustle and confusion for the time. Mrs. Cumberland was put in the easy-chair in her room, and undressed, so far as her bonnet and travelling wraps went. She refused to go to bed. In half an hour or so, when she had somewhat recovered the fatigue, she looked and seemed considerably better, and spoke a little, expressing a wish for some tea. The doctors left her to take it, enjoining strict quiet. Jelly knelt down before her mistress, to hold the cup and saucer.

"What did she die of, Jelly?" came the unexpected question.

"Who?" asked Jelly, wonderingly.

Mrs. Cumberland made a motion in the direction of her son's house: she and her voice were alike of the faintest. "Bessy Rane."

Jelly gave a start that went well-nigh to upset the tea. She felt her face growing white: but she could not move to hide it.

"Why don't you speak? What did she die of?"

"Ma'am, don't you know? She caught the fever."

"It troubles me, Jelly; it troubles me. I've done nothing but dream of her ever since. And what will Oliver do without her?"

The best he can, Jelly had a great mind to answer. But all she said, was, to beg her mistress to leave these questions until the morning.

"I don't think any morning will dawn for me," was Mrs. Cumberland's remark. "I sent you word I was coming home to die. I wanted to come for many reasons. I knew the journey would do me harm; I put it off too long. But I had to come home: I could not die away from it."

Every consoling thing that Jelly could think of, she said, assuring her mistress it was nothing but the journey that put her on to these low thoughts.

"I want to see Mr. North," resumed Mrs. Cumberland. "You must go and bring him to me."

"Not to-night," said Jelly.

"To-night. Now. There's no time to lose. To see him was one of the things I had to come home for."

And Mrs. Cumberland, ill though she was, was resolute to be obeyed as ever she had been in her days of health. Jelly had the sense to know that refusal would excite her worse than any result of compliance, and prepared to obey. As she passed out of the presence of Mrs. Cumberland, she saw Ellen Adair sitting on the stairs, anxiously listening for any sound from the sick room that might tell how all was going on within it.

"Oh Miss Ellen! You should not be there."

"I cannot rest anywhere, Jelly. I want to know how she is. She is my only friend on this side of the wide world."

"Well now, Miss Ellen, look here—you may come in and stay with her while I am away; I was going to call Ann. But mind you don't talk."

Flinging on a shawl, Jelly started on the run for Dallory Hall. It was an inclement night, pouring rain. And Ellen Adair took up her place in obedient silence by the side of the dying woman—for she was dying, however ignorant they might be of the fact. Apart from Ellen's natural grief for Mrs. Cumberland, thoughts of what her own situation would be, if she lost her, could but intrude on her mind, bringing all kinds of perplexity. It seemed to her that she would have neither home nor protector.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RICHARD NORTH'S REVELATION.

For a wonder, the dinner-table at Dallory Hall was a solitary one. Solitary, in so far as that only the family then at home sat at it. Madam headed it; Mr. North was at the foot; Richard on one side; Matilda on the other. Scarcely a word was being spoken. Madam was in one of her imperious humors—indeed, when was she out of them?—the servants waited in silence.

Suddenly there rang out a loud crashing peal from the hall-bell. Richard, who was already beginning to be disturbed by vague fears of what his ex-workmen's hostilities might bring them to do, sat back in his chair absently, and turned his head.

"Are you expecting any one, Dick?" asked his father.

"No, sir. Unless it be a message to call me out."

It was, however, a message to call out Mr. North; not Richard. Mrs. Cumberland wanted to see him. "On the instant," the servant added: for that was what Jelly had imperatively said.

Mr. North laid down his knife and fork and stared at the man. He did not understand.

"Mrs. Cumberland is at Eastsea," he cried.

"No, sir, she has just got home, and she wants to see you very particular. It's the lady's maid who has brought the message."

"Mr. North cannot go," broke forth Madam, loudly, to the servant. "Go and say so."

But Jelly, to whom the words penetrated as she stood in the hall, had no notion of her mistress's wishes being set at naught by Madam. She had a great deal of calm moral and physical courage—in spite of the supernatural terrors that had recently held influence over her—some persons might have said her share of calm impudence also; and she made no ceremony of putting her black bonnet, shiny with wet, inside the room.

"My mistress is dying, sir; I don't think there can be a doubt of it," she said, advancing to Mr. North. "She wishes to say a few last words to you, if you'll please to come. There's no time to be lost, sir."

"Bless me!—poor Fanny!" cried Mr. North, rising; and his hands began to tremble a little. "I'll come at once, Jelly."

"You will *not*," spoke Madam, as if she were issuing an imperial edict.

"I must," said Mr. North. "She is dying, Madam, don't you hear?"

"I say No, you will not."

"The wishes of the dying must be respected," interposed Jelly, still to Mr. North. "Otherwise there's no telling what ghosts might haunt 'em after."

The grammar was rather obscure, but the meaning of the words plain enough. Mr. North took a step or two towards the door; Madam came round and put herself before him, with her intercepting words:

"My will is law in this house, and out of it you do not go."

For a minute or two the master (the master!) of Dallory Hall looked hopelessly helpless, as if he were going to cry like a child. Then he cast an appealing look at his son. Richard rose, laying down his table-napkin.

"Leave the room for an instant," he quietly said to the servants, including Jelly. And they filed out.

"My dear father, is it your wish to see Mrs. Cumberland?"

"Oh, Dick, you know it is," spoke the poor brow-beaten man. "There's not much left to me in life now to care for: but if I let her die without going to her, there'll be less."

"Then you shall go," said Richard.

Madam turned to him; passion in her eye, and on her tongue.

"How *dare* you attempt to oppose me, Richard North? I say your father shall not go forth at the beck and call of this crazy woman."

"Madam, I say he shall," calmly spoke Richard.

"Do you defy me? Has it come to that?"

"Why yes, if you force me to: it is not my fault. Pardon me if I speak plainly—if I set you right upon one point, Madam," he added. "You have just said your will is law in the house and out of it: in future it must, on some occasions, yield to mine. This is one. My father will go to Mrs. Cumberland's. Say no more, Madam; it will be useless; and I am going to admit the servants."

From sheer amazement Madam was still. Resolution—the resolution born of conscious power to will and to execute—lay in every tone and glance of Richard North. Before she could collect her energies, the door was opened to the servants, and she heard Richard's order to make ready and bring round the close carriage instantly. Instantly.

"Mr. North will be with your mistress as soon as you are, Jelly," said he.

And Jelly nodded, as she took her departure.

But there ensued a scene. Madam had called Mrs. Cumberland a crazy woman; she seemed nothing less than one herself. Whatever her private objection might have been to her husband's holding an interview with Mrs. Cumberland—and there could be no question that she had one—Richard fairly thought she was going mad in her frenzied attempts to prevent it. She stamped, she raved, she threatened Mr. North, defying him to go, she violently pushed him into his chair backwards—she ordered the servants to bar the house doors against his egress—she rushed round to the stables herself and countermanded the carriage; she was in fact as nearly mad, as a woman, short of being a caged lunatic, can be. Matilda cried; indifferent as that young lady remained in general to her mother's ordinary fits of temper, she was frightened now. The servants collected in dark nooks of the hall, and stood peeping; Mr. North stole into his parlor, and thence, by the window, to a bench in the garden, where he sat in the dark and the rain, shaking in every limb. Of his own accord he had surely never dared to go, after this: but Richard was his sheet anchor. Richard alone maintained his calm equanimity, and carried matters through. The servants obeyed his slightest word, only the lift of his finger; with sure instinct they saw who could be, and was, the Hall's real master; and the carriage at length came to the door.

But all this had caused delay. And more might have been caused—for what will an unrestrained and determined woman not do—but that just as the wheels, grating on the wet gravel, struck on Madam's ear, her violence culminated in a kind of fainting-fit. For the time at least she could not move, and Richard took the opportunity to put his father in the carriage. It was astonishing how confidingly the old man trusted to Richard's protection. He clung to his hand.

"Won't you come also, Dick? I hardly dare go alone. She'd be capable of coming after me, you know."

Richard's answer was to step in and sit down beside his father. It was eight o'clock when they got to Mrs. Cumberland's. Jelly, with a reproachful face, showed them into a sitting-room.

"You can't go up now, sir; you'll have to wait," said she.

"Is she any better?" asked Richard.

"She's worse," replied Jelly; "getting weaker and weaker with every quarter of an hour. Dr. Rane thinks she'll last till morning. I don't. The clergyman's up there now."

And when the time came for Mr. North to be introduced into the room, Mrs. Cumberland was almost past speaking to him. They were alone—for she motioned others away. Mr. North never afterwards settled with himself what the especial point could have been that she had wished to say to him; unless it was the request that he should take charge of Ellen Adair.

Her words were faint and few, and apparently disjointed, at times seeming to have no connection the one with the other. Mr. North—sitting on a chair close in front of her, holding one of her hands, bending down his ear to catch what fell from her white lips—thought her mind wandered a little. She asked him to protect Ellen Adair—to take her home to the Hall until she should be claimed by her husband or her father. It might be but a few days, she added, before the former came, and he would probably wish the marriage to take place at once; if so, it had better. Then she went on to say something about Arthur Bohun, which Mr. North could not catch at all. And then she passed abruptly to the past matter of the anonymous letter.

"John, you will forgive it! You will forgive it!" she implored, feebly clasping the hand in which hers lay.

"Forgive that?" returned Mr. North, not in dissent, but in surprise that she should speak on the subject.

"For my sake, John. We were dear friends and playfellows in the old days—though you were older than I. You'll forgive it, won't you, John, for my sake: because I am dying, and because I ask it of you."

"Yes I will," said John North; "I don't think as much about it as I did," he added. "I'd like to forgive everybody and everything before I go, Fanny; and my turn mayn't be long now. I forgive it heartily; heartily," he repeated, thinking to content her. "Fanny, I never thought you'd go before me."

"God bless you! God reward you!" she murmured. "There was no ill intention, you know, John."

John North did not see why he merited reward, neither could he follow what she was talking of. It might be, he supposed, one of the hallucinations of mind that sometimes attend the dying.

"I'll take every care of Ellen Adair: she shall come to the Hall and stay there," he said, for that he could understand. "I promise it faithfully to you, Fanny."

"Then that is one of the weights off my mind," murmured the dying woman. "There were so many on it. I have left a paper, John, naming you and Richard her guardians for the time being. She's of good family, and very precious to her father. There has been so short a space to act in: it was only three or four days ago that I knew the end was coming. I did not expect it would be quite so soon."

"It mostly comes when it is not expected," murmured poor John North: "there's a many of us seem to be going very near together. Edmund was the first; then Bessy; now it's you, Fanny: and the next will be me. God in His mercy grant that we may all meet in a happier world, and be together for ever!"

Richard North had remained below in the dining-room with Ellen Adair. The heavy crimson curtains were drawn before the large garden window, a bright fire blazed in the grate. Ellen in her black dress, worn for Bessy, sat in the warmth; she felt very chilly after her journey, was nervous at the turn the illness seemed to be taking; and every now and then a tear stole silently down her sweet face. Richard walked about a little as he glanced at her. He thought her looking, apart from the present sorrow, pale and ill. Richard North was deliberating whether to say a word or two upon a matter that puzzled him. He thought he would.

"I have been across the channel, you know, Ellen, since you left for Eastsea," he began. He had grown sufficiently intimate at Mrs. Cumberland's, after his enforced term of idleness set-in, to drop the formal "Miss Adair" for her Christian name. And she had always called him "Richard," or "Mr. Richard."

"Yes, we heard of it. You went to engage workmen, did you not?"

"Something of that. When I got back home, I found a letter or two waiting for me from Arthur Bohun, who was then at Eastsea. Madam had opened one."

Ellen looked up, and then down again immediately. Richard North saw a change pass over her face, as though she were startled.

"I could not quite understand the letters; I think Arthur intended me not to fully understand them. They spoke of some—some event that was coming off, at which he wished me to be present."

Ellen saw that he did understand: at least, that he believed he did. She rose from her seat and went close to him, speaking in agitation.

"Will you grant me a request, Richard? I know you can be a firm friend; you are very true. Do not ever think of it again—do not speak of it to living man or woman."

"I presume it did *not* take place, Ellen."

"No. And the sooner it is altogether forgotten, the better."

He took her hand between his, and drew her to the fire. They stood before it side by side.

"I am glad you know that I am your firm and true friend, Ellen; you may trust me always. It is neither idle curiosity nor impertinence that makes me speak. Madam stopped it, I conclude."

"I suppose so. She came and fetched him away; James Bohun was dying and wanted him. Since then I—I hardly know. He never came down again. He has been very ill."

"Yes, very. Let him get his health again; it will be all right. That's all, my dear. I should like to take a little care of you as though you were my sister."

"Care!" she replied. "Oh Richard, I don't see what will become of me, or where I shall go. They say Mrs. Cumberland will not live till morning; and papa, you know, is so far away."

Jelly appeared with some coffee; and stayed for a minute or two to gossip, after the bent of her own heart. The carriage and the horses and the coachman were waiting outside in the rain. Dr. Rane was in and out, in his restlessness. It was an anxious night with him. He would, how willingly, have restored his mother for a time, had human skill alone been necessary to do it.

Before the interview with Mr. North was over—and it did not last twenty minutes—Mrs. Cumberland had changed considerably. Her son went into the room as Mr. North left it; and he saw at once how fallacious was the hope he had entertained of her lasting until morning.

Poor Mr. North, broken alike in health and heart, weak in spirit almost as a child, burst into a fit of tears as soon as he entered the dining-room. Richard spoke a few soothing words to him: Ellen Adair, who had rarely, if ever, seen a man cry, stood aghast.

"They are all going, Dicky," he sobbed; "all going one by one. We were a'most boy and girl together; I a big one, Fanny a little mite that I'd often hold on my knee. I loved the child; she was as pretty a little thing as you'd wish to see. She's younger than me by a good deal, and I never thought she'd go before me. There'll be only you left, Dicky; only you."

Ellen touched Richard's elbow: she held a cup of coffee in her hand. "If he can be brought to drink it, it may do him good," she whispered, crying for company.

Mr. North drank the coffee. Afterwards, when he had sat awhile—breaking out ever and anon with the reminiscences of the old days—he said he should like another cup. Richard, as he handed it to him, reminded him that the carriage was waiting; upon which Mr. North, who had quite forgotten the fact, tried to drink it all down at once, and had a fit of choking.

"I'd like to know how she is before I go, Dicky," he said when it was over. "Whether there's any change."

A change indeed. Even as the words left his lips, some slight commotion was heard in the house, following upon Dr. Rane's voice, who had come out of the chamber to speak. The last moment was at hand. Ellen Adair went up, and Jelly went up. Mr. North said he must wait a bit longer.

In five minutes all was over. Ellen Adair, brought down by Dr. Rane, was convulsed with grief. Mr. North said she should go back with them to the Hall, and bade Jelly find what things she might want. At first Ellen refused: it seemed strangely sudden, almost unseemly, to go out of the house thus immediately; but when she came to reflect how lonely and undesirable would be her position if she stayed in it, she grew eager to go. To tell the truth, she felt half afraid to stay: she had never been in personal contact with death, and the idea lay upon her as a dread to be shrunk from.

So a small portmanteau was hastily repacked—not an hour had elapsed since it was unpacked—and taken out to the carriage, Jelly undertaking to send the larger box in the morning. And Ellen went in the carriage, driving home with Mr. North and Richard.

"I am glad to come," she said to them, catching up her breath. "It is so very kind of you to receive me in this extremity."

"Not at all, my dear," answered Mr. North. "The Hall will be your home until we get instructions from your father. Mrs. Cumberland has appointed me and Richard your temporary guardians! I was telling Dick so when you were up-stairs."

And Ellen burst into fresh tears, and said again and again how kind it was of them. Richard North felt that he loved her as dearly as any sister.

But there would be words to the bargain: they had not taken Madam into consideration. The supposition that she would object to it, never occurred to Mr. North or Richard; Madam was so very fond of having company at Dallory Hall. When the coachman, tired of being in the wet, dashed up at a canter, and they descended and entered into the blaze of light, and Madam, standing a little back, saw the young lady and the luggage, her face of surprise was a picture.

"What does this intrusion mean?" she demanded, slowly advancing.

"It means, Madam, that Mrs. Cumberland is dead, and that she has left Miss Adair in my charge and Dick's, for a bit," answered Mr. North with trembling courtesy, remembering the frightful mood he had run away from. While Richard, catching the ominous words and eye of Madam, hastily took Ellen into the drawing-room, introduced her to Matilda, and shut the door on them.

"You say Mrs. Cumberland is dead!" had been Madam's next words to Mr. North.

"Yes, she's dead. It has been frightfully sudden."

"What did she want with you?" resumed Madam, her voice sinking almost to a whisper: and, but that Mr. North was not an observant man, he might have seen her very lips growing white with some dread suspense.

"I don't know what she wanted," he replied—"unless it was the promise from me to take care of Miss Adair. She was nearly past speaking when I got to see her: things had made me late, Madam."

"Did she—did she—. By the commotion that woman, Jelly, made, one would have supposed her mistress had some vast secret to impart," broke off Madam. "Had she?"

"Had who?" asked Mr. North, rather losing the thread of the dialogue.

"Mrs. Cumberland," said Madam, with a slight stamp. And, in spite of her assumed careless petulance, she watched her husband's face for the answer as if she were watching for one of life or death. "Did she impart to you any—any private matter?"

"She had none to impart, Madam, that I am aware of. I shouldn't think she had. She rambled in her talk a bit, as the dying will do: about our old days, and about the anonymous letter that killed Edmund. There was nothing else: except that she wanted me to take temporary charge of Miss Ellen Adair, until we can hear from her father."

Mr. North was too simply-honest to deceive, and Madam believed him. Her old arrogance resumed its sway as fear died out.

"What did she tell you about *him*—the father?"

"Nothing: not a word, Madam: what should she? I tell you her mind and her speech were both all but gone. She rambled on about the old days and the anonymous letter; and I couldn't follow her even in that; but she said nothing else."

All was right then. The old will and the old arrogance were in full swing now; Madam was herself again.

"Miss Adair goes back to Mrs. Cumberland's to-night," said she. "I do not receive her, or permit her to remain here."

"Eh?—what?" cried Mr. North: and Richard, who was stepping up, stood still to listen. "Why not, Madam?"

"Because I do not choose to," said Madam, "That's why."

"Madam, I'd not do it for the world. Send her back to the house with the dead lying in it, and where she'd have no protector! I couldn't do it. She's but a young thing. The neighbors would cry shame upon me."

"She goes back at once," spoke Madam in her most decisive tones. "The carriage may take her, as it rains: but, back she goes."

"It can't be, Madam, it can't, indeed. I'm her guardian now, and responsible. I promised that she should stay at Dallory Hall."

And Madam went forthwith into another of her furious rages: she stamped and shook with passion. Not at being thwarted: her will was law always, and she intended it to be so now; but at Mr. North's *attempting* to oppose it.

"You were a fool for bringing her at all; knowing, as you might, that I should not allow her to stay," stamped Madam. "The Hall is mine: so long as I am mistress of it, no girl, picked up anywhere on a wet night, no brat at fault for a place to put her head in, shall find admittance here. *She goes back at once.*"

Mr. North seemed ready to drop. The piteous look of hopeless despair, piteous in its utter helplessness, laid hold of his face. Richard drew nearer, and he caught sight of him. All this had taken place in the hall under the great lamp.

"Dick, what's to be done?" wailed Mr. North. "I should die of the shame of turning her out again. I wish I could die: I've been wishing it a many times to-night. It's time I was gone, Dick, when I've no longer a roof to offer a poor young lady a week or two's shelter under."

"But you have one, my dear father. At least, I have, which comes to the same thing," added Richard, calmly composed as usual. "Madam"—politely, but nevertheless authoritatively taking Madam's hand to lead her into the dining-room—"will you pardon me if I interfere in this?"

"It is no business of yours," said Madam.

"Excuse me, Madam, but it is. I think I had better take it on myself exclusively, and relieve my father—for really, what with one thing and another, he is not capable of bearing much."

"Oh Dick, do, do!" interposed poor Mr. North, timorously following into the dining-room. "You are strong, Dick, and I am weak. I was strong once though."

"Madam," said Richard, "this young lady, Miss Adair, will remain here at the Hall until we get instructions from her father."

Madam was turning livid. Richard had never taken such a tone until to-night. And this was the second time! She would have liked to strike him. Had he been some worthless animal, her manner could not have expressed more gratuitous contempt.

"By what right, pray, do *you* interfere?"

"Well, Madam, Mrs. Cumberland expressed a wish that I, as well as my father, should act as Miss Adair's guardian."

"There's a paper left that says it," eagerly put in Mr. North.

"And what though you were appointed fifty times over, and fifty to that; do you suppose it would give you the right to bring her here—to thrust her into my home?" shrieked Madam. "Don't you believe it, Richard North."

"Madam," said Richard, quietly, "the home is mine."

"On sufferance," was her scornful rejoinder. "But I think the sufferance has been allowed too long."

"You have known me now many years, Madam: I do not think, in all those years, you have found me advance a proposition that I could not substantiate. In saying the home here was mine, I spoke what is literally true. I am the lessee of Dallory Hall. You and my father—(my dear father"—turning to him—"I know you will pardon me for the few plain words I must speak) are here on sufferance. My guests, as it were."

"It's every word Gospel truth," spoke up poor Mr. North, glad to his heart that the moment for her enlightenment had at length come. "Dick holds the lease of Dallory Hall, and he is its real master. For several years now we have all been pensioners on his bounty. He has worked to keep us, Madam, in this his own house; and he has done it nobly and generously."

It seemed to Madam that her brain went whirling about in a maze, for every syllable spoke of truth. Richard the true master! Richard's money that they had been living upon!

"I am grieved to have been obliged to state this, Madam," Richard resumed. "I shall wish never to allude to it further, and I will continue to do the best I can for all. But—in regard to Miss Ellen Adair, she must remain here, and she must be made welcome."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE: Premium. For 50 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MR. BOKER'S "KONIGSMARK."—We are pleased to see that the London "*Spectator*" notices Mr. Boker's last volume of poetry at length, and in highly favorable terms. It says:—

"Konigsmark," is not merely the longest of our author's poems, but the most mature in style and thought, and the most substantially able and successful in all the leading features of its execution. We are impressed from the first scene onward with a dialogue at once natural and weighty; we admire on reflection how the author has been able to dispense with all petty description and mimicry of local scenery, costume, and mannerisms. His development of the action is a severe but engrossing appeal to our attention, such as might have been studied in the school of Alfieri far more easily than from our age of novel-writers. His characters have been realised from the heart outwards, and are such as history must trace through many generations to one corrupt influence in society.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. are the American publishers, of whom all of Mr. Boker's books can be procured.

A POPULAR EDITION OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.—We are requested to state that Mr. T. C. Clarke, of Camden, New Jersey, has made a selection of moral passages from the Scriptures, including the Sermon on the Mount—the Protestant and Roman Catholic versions of this latter being given in juxtaposition to show their perfect agreement—with the view of preparing a suitable volume for the moral instruction of the young in our schools and elsewhere, which should be offensive to none. Those who are disposed to aid in bringing out such a volume, will oblige Mr. Clarke by sending him their address.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

The late John Simmons of Boston has left property valued at $1,400,000, which when it has accumulated to $1,000,000 is to be expended in endowing and maintaining an institution to be called the Simmons Female College, for the purpose of teaching medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy, and other branches of art, science, and industry, best calculated to enable young women to acquire an independent livelihood.

This is, in our opinion, just the sort of an institution that is needed. If a large portion of the time that many girls (and boys also), especially in the cities, spend uselessly in schools, was employed in learning some useful art, science, or industry, by which they could maintain themselves if need be, it would be a great advantage to themselves and the community.

We are inclined to think, however, that these munificent bequests generally fail in a large degree to accomplish their aim. In England there have been thousands of them, and the result, if we are not misinformed, generally is that the estate becomes a fund for the support of the "Tite Barnacle" class, who administer it a little for the benefit of society in general, and a great deal for their own benefit in particular.

Now there is Vassar College. We were surprised several years ago upon examination, to find that notwithstanding Mr. Vassar's large endowments, it cost quite as much to send a scholar there as to other mere money-making institutions. And we think it very probable that an institution founded on Mr. Simmons' idea, with no bequest at all, would be fully able to compete with it in all respects—except in patronage of the "Tite Barnacles."

This view of course has its good side—and we hope to see the establishment of many similar institutions, both for girls and boys, the objects of whose proprietors shall be the highly commendable ones of doing good to others and making money for themselves.

When we see how often women are thrown upon the world, owing to the death or the misfortunes of their parents or husbands, we begin to think that every young woman should be taught something which, in the hour of need, would enable her to support herself.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

The recent massacre of Roman Catholic missionaries and nuns in China, is said to have originated as follows:—The missionaries and nuns manifested a pious eagerness to obtain possession of dying children, in order that they might be baptized and buried in holy ground, and thus their souls be saved.

But the Chinese were so totally unable to understand this pious philanthropy, that a belief became current among the lower classes, that the object in getting possession of these children, was to scoop out their eyes and other portions of their body, with the object of making a medicine from them—the Chinese themselves using all manner of curious things as medicines. Therefore the riot and massacre—not very unnatural from the distorted but sincere Chinese point of view.

These are ignorant Chinese—but what do our readers think of the following delusion in Christian Norway. A recent foreign account says:—

The most singular delusion of modern times exists in Norway, and breaks out periodically in riotous acts among the lower classes. For several days in succession recently, the Freemason's Hall in Christiana, was the object of riotous demonstrations; and, in order to protect the premises, the police found it necessary to make a number of arrests, and at night the military were placed under arms. Similar scenes have been witnessed before, and they are the outburst of a curious and deplorable superstition to the effect that once in seven years the Freemasons have to discharge one of their secret duties at the expense of their fellow-citizens, by supplying a few plump bodies to tickle the palate of the Grand Turk—"Trynstyrken," or swine-snouted Turk, as he is irreverently denominated in the vernacular. During the recent panic, the servants and many others of the poorer and more ignorant classes refused to go out of doors after dark. The most extraordinary stories prevail of "suitable persons" having been carried off by force in broad daylight, and it is generally believed that the city authorities assist in procuring this Turkish tribute. The people arrested in open warfare against the Freemasons state specifically that fourteen bakers had disappeared, and one tailor, and an unknown but enormous number of young women and boys are also supposed to be on their transit to the Sultan's pantry.

This is somewhat worse than the American charge of "the abduction of Morgan." But who could suppose that in any Christian country such an utterly ridiculous delusion as this of Norway, could hold its ground year after year.

THE Woman's Advocate thinks the good time will have come when a hard working farmer shall say to his wife, "Sally, you must take time to post yourself on governmental affairs."

And the same we suppose to Bridget and Dinah. But what gain it would be to all three to have that much more labor thrown upon them, is a question easier asked than answered. If the wife in return were to say to her hard working husband, "Robert, you must take time to learn how to make the pies, and the children's clothes," he would probably not see the advantages to be gained by such an arrangement, but would suggest the propriety of his wife's attending to her branch of affairs, while he attended to his.

THIS CITY.

The Board of Health of this city, judging by all we have seen and heard of its doings, and want of doings, is a decided humbug.

The Highway Department, or whatever Department it is that has the relaying of the pavement in front of Independence Hall—which ought to have been done in a single week, and which is so shamefully kept in its present unfinished state—is another decided humbug.

The Department which has been employed so many years in bringing the water from the Schuylkill river to Germantown, and which has built a reservoir on the Schuylkill which will not hold water, and which is said to be not high enough by about thirty feet to answer the desired end, is another decided humbug.

The Department that has the management of cleaning the streets is another decided humbug.

Louis Napoleon was of course a great tyrant, usurper, &c. But ask any one who has ever been to Paris, how the management of affairs in that city compared with the management of affairs in Philadelphia.

THE CAUSE.

When we see the success of the German over the French armies attributed to superior education, and to various other reasons, we are reminded of the story of the French Mayor who told the King they had fifty reasons for not firing a salute in his honor—the first being that they had no powder. The King stopped him here, and said he need not give the other forty-nine reasons, that the first was all sufficient.

So after it is stated that the numbers of the Prussian forces stood always towards the French as three to two, and sometimes (as at Sedan) as two to one, we think it needless for the explanation to go farther. If the Prussians had been only one-half the number of the French, and had been triumphant, then we should naturally regard it either as a proof of the superiority of the individual Prussian, his superior physical or mental vigor, or else of the greatly superior generalship of the Prussian leaders. But, as it was, the great inferiority of the French armies in numbers is a sufficient explanation.

DROUGHT.

That we should have drought in the United States is not extraordinary, but drought in England, a country where we have been in the habit of supposing rain was the rule, and sunshine the exception, is strange indeed. And yet the recent drought in England is said to have caused a loss of the hay crop to the amount of two hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

In view of this drought, attention has been called to the cause—for there is said to have been a comparative "rain famine" now in England for three years. Some impute it to the fact that "the amount of hedge-row timber in England is rapidly disappearing under a new system of cultivation." It seems to be undeniable that the way to lessen the rain in any country is to cut off the woods and the trees generally. France, with a wise foresight, has planted forests anew; and as our Western prairies become diversified with forest trees and orchards, the result will be felt in the decrease of violent winds, the increase of rain, and a greater equality and moderation of the climate.

In a naturally wooded country, that greediness which shears off all the woods for the sake of the fuel and timber, defeats itself.

☞ The Boston Post rather unkindly says that "St. Louis, seeing no chance for the capital, is trying to be content with an $800,000 jail." But the jail is only a preparatory measure.

☞ The Washington Star thinks that city is threatened with an earthquake. For heaven's sake let the thing be postponed until Congress gets back there.

☞ The October number of Putnam's Magazine announces the consolidation of that publication with Scribner's Monthly. Should not this be *Scribner's* Monthly?

☞ An old German farmer, named Peter Mock, at a late court day at Grayson, Kentucky, was a party in a suit in which a jury was empannelled. The judge asked Peter if he objected to any one on the jury. "Yes," said Peter, earnestly, "I objects ter Pill Franklin." "Why, Bill Franklin is not on the jury," said the judge. "Vell, I don't care a tam, onudge; I objects ter Pill Franklin anyway; he's meddling mit my pisness all der time, and I objects ter Pill Franklin on principle all der time." His objection couldn't be considered under the circumstances.

☞ A Colorado dentist was very severely dealt with some time since by a maiden lady of indefinite age, to whom he had given offence by hammering a tender tooth with such industry that it caused her a great deal of pain. In the excitement of the moment she seized a cane and "hammered" the unfortunate man around the room until he was compelled to seek safety by jumping from a rear window into a cistern.

☞ TOWER OF PISA.—"I say, Bill, why's that 'ere slantingdicular tower called the tower of Piser?" "After the builder, who must have been a werry clever Piser to p'ise it like that!"

☞ Catgut is made from the intestines of the sheep, which undergo various processes of souking in ley, scraping, drawing, twisting, and sulphuring. The best are made in Italy, in part, because the workmen are more skilled, and in part because the sheep are so poor and lean that their intestines are tougher. Very poor strings are made in England, and it is said to be because the sheep are fat. The name, catgut, is said to be a corruption of *gut-cord*.

☞ They are buying horses in California, at twenty dollars a head, to transport to the Atlantic states.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HANDY-BOOK OF HUSBANDRY; A guide for farmers, young and old. Containing practical information in regard to buying or leasing a farm—when and where to buy—commencing operations—key-note of practical farming—fences and farm buildings—farming implements—drainages and tile making—ploughing, subsoiling, trenching, and pulverizing surface soil—manures—rotation of crops—root crops—forage crops—live stock, including cattle, horses, sheep, swine, poultry, etc., with winter management, feeding, pasturing, soiling, etc., with directions for medical and surgical treatment of the same—the dairy in all its departments—useful tables for farmers, gardeners, etc., etc. By GEORGE E. WARRING, Jr., of Ogden Farm, formerly Agricultural Engineer of the Central Park, New York, author of "Elements of Agriculture," "Draining for Profit and for Health," etc. Illustrated. Sold by Subscription. Published by E. B. Treat & Co., 654 Broadway, New York; W. T. Keener, Chicago; A. H. Hubbard, Philadelphia; E. Hannaford & Co., Cincinnati; H. H. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco; J. H. Hummel, New Orleans; J. C. Derby, Augusta, Georgia; W. C. Stow, Cleveland; N. S. Payne, Portland, Maine.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE; Devoted to Science and the Mechanic Arts. Editors, Prof. HENRY MORTON, Ph. D., and W. H. WAHL, Ph. D. For September. Published by the Franklin Institute at their Hall, Philadelphia.

WORKDAY CHRISTIANITY: OR, THE GOSPEL IN THE TRADES. By ALEXANDER CLARK, author of "The Gospel in the Trees," "The Old Log Schoolhouse," etc. With an introductory note by William Cullen Bryant. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia; Methodist Publishing House, Springfield, Ohio; S. A. Clarke & Co., Pittsburg.

CAMORR. A Love Story. Translated from the French of Octave Feuillet. Author of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY. Edited by THOMAS MEEHAN. For September. Published by Brinckloe & Marot, No. 23 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

OLD AND NEW. The September number contains "Bryant's Iliad," by J. B. Thayer; "John Whopper, the Newsboy;" "The Quakers in New England," by R. P. Hallowell (second article;) "Pink and White Tyranny," (Chaps. 3 and 4,) by Mrs. H. B. Stowe; "The Church of Latter-Day Saints," by W. T. Brigham; "Six Months on Five Cents;" Reviews, Record of Progress, &c. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Massachusetts.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, Sept. 10.—It is reported here that the Foreign Office has Bismarck's reply to the demand of Jules Favre for an armistice. Bismarck says there are questions yet to be settled with France before a suspension of hostilities is possible.

The Times of this morning has a special telegram from Berlin, giving the following: Russia declines all further effort for mediation. Mr. Bancroft, the American Minister, denies having invoked American intervention. Prussia is satisfied with the reserved attitude of England as defeating the French hope for armed intervention.

Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a speech to-day at Elgin, pronounced in the strongest manner against intervention or mediation between France and Prussia in any form whatever.

Germany demands the cession of Alsace and Lorraine.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 10.—The Journal of this city, official organ, regrets the refusal of the Prussian Government to treat only with the French Emperor for peace. The Journal says, as Napoleon cannot again reign in France he cannot, as a consequence, enforce a treaty.

BOUILLON, Sept. 10.—Canrobert's forces, which lately cut through the Prussian lines at Metz, and are now marching towards Paris, were six thousand strong.

PARIS, Sept. 10.—The Minister of War is in receipt of late despatches from General Ulrich, commandant at Strasbourg. He reports that the bombardment is constant and terrific, and the city has been badly damaged. He adds that he has no idea of surrendering.

LONDON, Sept. 10.—Bazaine's army is well supplied with provisions at Metz.

PARIS, Sept. 10.—The city has been declared in a state of siege. Non-combatants are to be expelled. It is reported that the American ship "Queen" has arrived at Toulon with five hundred American volunteers and seven thousand rifles.

The enthusiasm of the inhabitants of Paris, and their determination to defend the city, may be realized somewhat by the fact that one of the Rothschilds, a young member of that eminent banking firm, has shouldered a chassepot, and is daily doing duty on the ramparts of the city side by side with mere laborers.

FLORENCE, Sept. 10.—After the occupation of the Papal States, Italy will instantly summon a National Parliament, to be chosen by universal suffrage.

The Italian forces are expected to enter Rome to-morrow. An Italian fleet has arrived near Civita Vecchia.

National demonstrations are to be made on the approach of the troops, who are everywhere received with enthusiasm, and with whom the people fraternize with the utmost freedom.

It is reported that the Pope has left Rome.

LONDON, Sept. 10.—Charles Reed, member of Parliament for Hackney, to-day unveiled the monument to Daniel De Foe at Bunhill Fields. The monument is practically one to Robinson Crusoe.

☞ There is said to be an organization of bloodthirsty young females in Ohio, the object of which is to intimidate the young men to discontinue the habit of waxing moustaches. They tickle so!

☞ Train is indifferent as to who leaves the hall while he is speaking. Like Tennyson's Brook, "men may come and men may go, but he runs on forever."

☞ "Louis Napoleon, they say, is not afraid of being sent to St. Helena, nor to Ham, nor to the Black Hole of Calcutta. All he asks is that they won't send him to Chicago." There is a slight mistake in the above. It is Eugenie who is afraid of his being sent to Chicago.

☞ The strike of the spinners at Fall River, Mass., has ended, after lasting two months and causing a loss in wages of about $1,000,000. Some of the strikers have been refused reinstatement, and in some of the mills the workmen have been compelled to agree that they will belong to no more unions. The mills are running nearly full.

☞ A cataract is said to have been recently discovered in British Guiana in South America, which dwarfs Niagara. There are two falls, one of 770 feet, and another of 50 feet, and the volume of water passing over the falls is 76 feet deep and 300 broad during the dry season. The Colonial Government of Guiana is arranging facilities for visitors.

☞ A London medical monthly, indirectly advocates a return to the old plan of permitting all harmless lunatics—which, it says, constitute an overwhelming majority—to reside at home with their relatives, where none but cheerful and healthful influences are thrown around them.

☞ East Tennessee has a genius. He is a youth of some 16 years, who built a small steam engine of four horse power and now has it in successful operation, running a sugar-cane mill. It is a complete piece of mechanism, and remarkable as the production of a boy who never worked in a machine shop or served a day as a machinist.

☞ In the Maine election, the Republicans carried the state by a decreased majority, and elected all their candidates for Congress.

☞ Snuff-makers in France are reported to be exempt from fevers and dysentery. Snuff-takers may find a grain of comfort in the information.

☞ Dr. Gibb, of London, recommends the use of bromide of ammonium to those who suffer from excess of fat. When taken in small doses it will absorb fat and diminish the weight of the body with greater certainty than any other known remedy.

☞ The census in Indiana reveals the fact that in a majority of cases where twins are returned, the husband is younger than the wife.

☞ The monthly report of the Department of Agriculture, states that the corn has been injured in some localities, but not enough to threaten a material reduction of the anticipated aggregate. There are complaints in regard to the cotton crops, but the general prospect is not discouraging.

☞ Governor Sanffer, of Utah, issued a proclamation yesterday, forbidding the assembling of the Mormon militia and all armed gatherings in the territory. All arms and ammunition in possession of the militia are ordered to be turned over to Adjutant General Johns.

☞ Daniel is said to have been almost the only person who was not spoiled by being lionized.

☞ The women of Wausaukh, Wisconsin, have of late been much troubled about their rights. They are engaged in hunting prairie chickens just now, in order to show their jealous husbands that women are capable of enjoying field sports as well as men.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—8000 bbls sold in lots at prices ranging from $4,75@5,50 for superfine; $5,50@5,75 for extra; $5,87½@6,50 for Northwest extra family; $6@7 for Penna extra family; $6@7 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $7,10@8,50 for fancy brands. 300 bbls of Rye Flour sold $5,25.

GRAIN—Sales of 26,000 bus Indiana red at $1,30@1,35, 6000 bus Delaware at $1,20@1,25; 2000 bus of Maryland at $1,25@1,30; 5000 bus of Indiana amber at $1,35@1,38; 3500 bus choice do at $1,40; 1500 bus of southern white at $1,40@1,45 ₩ bus. Rye—About 4000 bus of new Western sold in lots at 85@88c ₩ bus. Corn—Sales 80,000 bus at 90@96c for Penna yellow; 92@94c for Western yellow; 86@88c for low mixed; and 90@93c ₩ bus for high mixed. Oats—85,000 bus sold at 54@56c for white Penna, Delaware and Western; 50@52c for mixed, and 47@48c for black. Barley—10,000 bus of Iowa sold at $1,30.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $29@29,50; clear at $30, and extra prime at $24. Mess Beef is steady at $20,50@23 for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $27@28. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 21@22c; Excelsior hams at 24c; sides at 17@18½c, and shoulders at 14½@15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 18½@19c; sides at 15c, and shoulders, in salt, at 13½@14c. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 13c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@17c; Penna stone packed at 30@34c, and Bradford county at 35@40c. Eggs—Sales at 27@28c. Cheese at 13½@14½c ₩ lb.

COTTON—500 bales of middlings sold at 19½@20c ₩ lb for upland and 20½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Quercitron—100 hhds of No 1 sold at $27 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@20 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX at 30@33c ₩ lb for yellow.

HAY—Best Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,20@1,25; mixed, $1,10@1,15; straw, 80@1,05.

IRON—We quote No 1 anthracite at $22,50, and No 2 at $20@21. Bar iron at $65 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $23@24,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is quiet; Timothy is dull and lower; sales of 1200 bus are reported at $6@5,50. Flaxseed is dull at $2,25.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3750 head. The prices realized from 9@9¼ cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $35 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—15,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₩ lb. 8000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

No one doubts the value of a patent Universal Clothes Wringer, and no one after one trial will find less reason for doubting the value of a Doty Washing Machine. If one is complete and labor-saving, so is the other.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Farmer.*

Interesting to Ladies.

"I admire the Grover & Baker Machine above all others, because it is so easily operated. My little daughter, only nine years old, runs it with ease and does all my sewing. I have used many other kinds and am satisfied this is decidedly the best."—*Mrs. Hiram Read, Vernon, Ind.*

Spotted like Dominoes.

The teeth soon become speckled if every deficiency is not removed from them every twenty-four hours. To do this effectually, there is nothing like SOZODONT. It literally renders the enamel impervious and indestructible.

"SPALDING'S" celebrated Glue, useful and true.

The Barren Rocks Yield Bread.

Yes, the rugged cliffs of the ocean strand produce something that, if not bread, is more nourishing and fattening than the staff of life itself. The Sea Moss which carpets the rocks on the shores of Ireland, Iceland, and the coasts of Northern Europe, is as truly a food staple, when properly prepared, as wheat, rye or Indian corn. The Irish variety, locally known as Carragheen, is now manufactured, under a patent, into one of the most nutritious, palatable, digestible and delicious elements of sustenance the world has ever seen. The article has been patented under the name of SEA MOSS FARINE, and the extensive mills of the Sea Moss Farine Co., New York, are now turning out immense quantities of this economic luxury, which has already taken a prominent place among the commodities of the American produce market. Its price is almost nominal; and the puddings, custards, jellies, creams, blanc mange, and other light table luxuries prepared from it are superior in flavor (as well as cheapness) to those made from corn starch, maizena, ravelenta, or any of the other gelatinous extracts of grain.

People with Thin Heads of Hair

Should use "*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing*," to make it grow thick and strong. It will restore gray hair to its natural color and as a dressing is absolute perfection. Clear and nicely perfumed. Soils nothing. Price 75 cents. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth st., Philadelphia, and all dealers. aug27-eowtf

R. R. R.

ASIATIC CHOLERA,
DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPTHERIA,
INFLUENZA
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES,
BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Pain instantly removed; all acute, inflammatory, malarious or infectious diseases prevented and exterminated. The weak, feeble, and nervous restored to strength, vigor, and sound health by the use of *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. One bottle will do more good, cure more complaints, and keep the stomach more clear and healthy than $10 spent for all other medicines or bitters in use.

BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

Looseness, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine, or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swellings of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn, and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Sold by druggists, and at No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Price, 50 cents. aug20-tf

What Does Reason Say?

The little mongoose when bitten by a deadly serpent resorts to a certain plant, eats of it, and escapes the effect of the poison. That is instinct. Human beings on the other hand, must depend on reason and experience in selecting the means of protecting health and life against unwholesome influences. Now, what does reason say, on this vital subject? Does it not tell us that to invigorate and purify the system is the best way to protect it against the invisible poison which generates disease? Surely it does. The next question is, what guide shall we follow in choosing a medicinal safeguard? Reason replies let your monitor be experience. Well, the experience of eighteen years comprised in one unbroken series of satisfactory testimonials assures us that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS possess strengthening, regulating, and antiseptic properties which are not combined in the same happy proportions in any other preparation extant. This, therefore, is the antidote to which reason bids us resort when our health is imperilled either by the malaria which produces epidemic disorders, or by any other cause, whether inherent and constitutional or connected with our habits, occupations and pursuits.

The venom of a noxious reptile is scarcely more subtle and dangerous than that which lurks in foul air and impure water. To escape the fevers, bilious disorders, disturbances of the bowels, and other serious maladies produced by these insalubrious elements, it is absolutely necessary that the stomach and all the secretive organs should be, so to speak, in a robust condition. Upon the amount of resistance which the vital system can oppose to the deleterious influences that assail it, the safety of the health depends, and it is because the GREAT VEGETABLE INVIGORANT imparts energy and regularity to the most important functions of the body, that it can be recommended and guaranteed as an invaluable preventative medicine. sep3-4t

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming, 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book. 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

YOUNG LADIES wishing to become Musicians Theoretical and Practical and teachers in the shortest time and at the least possible expense, upon the Piano, Harp, Organ, Guitar and Melodeon, and desiring information Circulars will please apply for Music Sent free New Music Vale Seminary, Music Vale Seminary, London Co., Conn. jy2-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. W. Claxton, WILLIAM MCMULLAN to LAVINIA WHITTAKER, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, RICHARD P. BRADLEY to Miss MARY A. HORNER, daughter of Mr. John E. Horner, both of this city.

On the 20th of June, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. THOMAS T. BROWN to Miss SARAH A. MCGIALY, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. WILLIAM W. COLLEY to Miss MARGERY E. MCCLEAN, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Burton J. Rollock, Mr. JOHN D. GILLINGHAM to Miss SALLIE L. THOMAS, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, Mr. JOHN PASTER, Jr., to CATHARINE, daughter of Matthias Husk, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. MARY C. HOPKINS, aged 20 years.

On the 13th instant, LEWIS GILLINGHAM, in his 63d year.

On the 12th instant, Rev. ALBERT HELFFENSTEIN, in his 70th year.

On the 12th instant, JOSEPH P. NEVELL, in his 58th year.

On the 11th instant, MARIA, wife of Wm. B. Cottman, in her 74th year.

On the 11th instant, AMANDA CARTER, in her 23d year.

On the 11th instant, GEORGE SPENCER, in his 70th year.

On the 10th instant, FRANCIS H. WESTCOTT, in his 33th year.

On the 9th instant, JESSE ATWOOD, in his 70th year.

The Business Man.

What is the main thing in the character of the business man as he ought to be? I should say, first, he must have a business, and, secondly, he must mind it. His business must be a useful, honorable one; and he must attend to it. There are a great many kinds of business, and some of these are too mean for decent people. Every man who *produces* something,—something that the world needs,—is a public benefactor. So every man who *does* something that the world needs to have done, is a public benefactor. But any man whose business makes the world any worse than it was before, cannot be, in my opinion, a business man as he ought to be. The first thing, then, is to choose a business that shall make the world better, not worse. Perhaps you may not thus choose the business which will make you rich the quickest; but, nevertheless, I think you will have chosen as you ought to choose.

The next thing, plainly, is to carry on your business earnestly. Enterprise, energy, pluck, devotion to what needs to be done, and determination to do it as it ought to be done,—that is what every man wants, be his his business what it may. Attention to business is the road to success. The true business man is never ashamed of honest work,—he is only ashamed of idleness and shiftlessness. Whether employer or employee, he will make it a matter of duty to do *well* whatever he undertakes to do at all. I wish that business men generally put more *conscience* into their work. There is a vast deal of work done in the world that is done so poorly as to be a disgrace to him who does it. If the true business man is a shoemaker, he puts conscience into every stitch; if he is a shopkeeper, he puts conscience into every sale of goods; if he is a merchant, he puts conscience into every transaction. Whatever else he may be, he is always a thoroughly honest man, scorning to do poor work or to take unfair advantage of any one. That is a very poor success which brings the man a big deposit in the bank, but leaves him bankrupt in honesty and self-respect. I would rather fail entirely, than succeed in that way. Character is worth more, after all, than money, and is harder to get. Money will buy almost everything, but it won't buy character. That you must *make*,—each one of you for himself. And if, as I hope, you want to make character more than you want to make money, it is time to begin at once. Good principles are like corn,—you must plant them in season, if you want to get a crop.

So, then, the true business man must have a good, honorable, useful business,—he must faithfully and industriously attend to it,—and he must attend to it in an honest, high-minded manner. If he does this, he will surely succeed in the end, despite all misfortunes and obstacles; and I would not give a penny for any other sort of success.

But the business man as he ought to be will be something more than a mere business man. Young men with excellent purposes sometimes make a great mistake in thinking they ought to give up every moment of their time to business, and to neglect everything else. That is a sad error. Every young man entering life ought to give some portion of his time *regularly*,—I don't care if it is only half an hour a day,—to the development of his mind, to the gaining of useful information, to the cultivation of some innocent and ennobling taste. Why, a man who has no soul except for his business is a "poor stick,"—a mere machine. A taste for reading is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars to him who has it,—nay, worth more than any sum I could name. A rich man without that or some similar taste does not know how to enjoy his money. His only resource is to keep on making money, unless he prefers to spend it; and a mind that is not well developed does not know how to spend it wisely. A man worth his two millions used to tell me that he would gladly give it all, if he could only have himself the education which his lazy and stupid boy refused to acquire. If you will pardon the advice, I would say to each of you,—"Make it a rule, never to be broken, to devote at least half an hour a day to the reading of some useful book,—not stories chiefly, either. Stories are good in their place; but every man needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science, and other useful subjects; and if he has only half an hour to give to reading, he will be very foolish to give it all to novels. Be hungry and thirsty after *knowledge*, of all kinds; and be sure you will be none the worse, but all the better, as business men."

The Loftiest Mountain.

Chimborazo was long supposed to be the tallest mountain on the globe, but its supremacy has been supplanted by Mount Everest in Asia, and Aconcagua in Chili. In mountain gloom and glory, however, it still stands unrivalled. The Alps have the avalanche, "the thunderbolt of snow," and the glaciers, those icy Niagaras so beautiful and grand. Here they are wanting. The monarch of the Andes sits motionless in calm serenity and unbroken silence. The silence is absolute and actually oppressive. The road from Guyaquill to Quito crosses Chimborazo at the elevation of fourteen thousand feet. Save the rush of the trade wind in the afternoon, as it sweeps over the Andes, not a sound is audible; not the hum of an insect, nor the chirp of a bird, nor the roar of the puma, nor the music of running waters. Mid-ocean is never so silent. You can almost hear the globe turning on its axis. There was a time when the monarch deigned to speak, and spoke with a voice of thunder, for the lava on its sides is an evidence of volcanic activity. But ever since the morning stars sang together over man's creation, Chimborazo has sat in sullen silence, satisfied to look "from his throne of clouds o'er half the world."

Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. No joy is more healthful or better calculated to prolong life than that which is to be found in domestic happiness, in the company of cheerful and good men, and in contemplating the beauties of nature. A day spent in the country, under a serene sky, amidst a circle of agreeable friends, is certainly a more positive means of prolonging life than all the vital elixirs in the world. Laughter, that external expression of joy, must not be here omitted. It is the most salutary of all bodily movements; for it agitates both the body and soul at the same time, promotes digestion and circulation, and enlivens the vital power in every organ. —*Hufeland.*

☞ General Spinner is called "the man that writes a name on the greenbacks that looks like a string of eels."

MY LOVE.

My love is pale, but in her cheeks
  Faint rosy flushes come and go,
That gather slightly when she speaks,
  And sometimes deepen to a glow.
She seems most like a young white rose,
  Within whose heart a blush is set,
Softly unfolding as it grows—
  But ah, I have not found her yet!

Her eyes are blue—such sweet blue eyes!
  Her white lids veil them from your sight;
But now and then a smile will rise,
  And fill them suddenly with light;
And when she hears of some distress,
  And on the lashes tears are wet,
They look with such pained tenderness—
  But ah, I have not found her yet!

Across her brow in even braids
  Is smoothly laid her glossy hair;
My love has need of no false aids,
  Or tricks of dress, to make her fair.
She does not need from silken trains
  A gorgeous dignity to get;
In her soft homely dress she reigns—
  But ah, I have not found her yet!

She wins your heart a hundred ways—
  Laying a light hand on your arm,
Showing in all she does and says
  A native deferential charm,
Moving about with quiet grace;
  Such little things you soon forget,
Although they steal your love apace—
  But ah, I have not found her yet!

Her image in my heart I wear;
  My love, my faith, are all her own:
I keep my life prepared for her
  When she shall come and take her throne.
I dream of what the world will seem—
  So much more bright—when we have met;
I wonder, is it all a dream?—
  For ah, I have not found her yet!

City and Country Life.

BY GOTTFRIED.

"That is a beautiful thing," said I, taking into my hands the cane that Barney Hagerman laid across the center table as he drew his tobacco pouch from his pocket and commenced filling his pipe with "Yacht Club."

I examined the cane. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship. It was a hickory stick with a natural turn at the hand. On the end of this crook was carved, in the most skillful manner, the head of a greyhound. Such carving, and such a head, so perfect and so life-like, I never saw before. It was beautiful. The eyes, the ears, the delicate muzzle, the finely-cut mouth, in fact the whole head was impressive with intelligent vitality. That peculiarly earnest and active expression between pleasure and anxiety, which is to be found in the countenance of the faithful canine, had a meaning. It brought to my mind the remarks of the great Goethe while he and his friends were examining a picture of some horses by Landseer, that wonderful painter of animals.

"Why," said one of the company, "are there not more such artists as Landseer?"

Goethe replied:

"Any person can paint a horse; any person can paint fifty horses, but the forty-nine after the first of the fifty, is but a repetition of the first one; so, after all, when he has made fifty paintings he has made but the one horse over and over again. Not so with Landseer; each animal that he paints is different from every other one."

"Why is it, then," inquired his friend, "that others do not do the same as Landseer?"

"Because," returned Goethe, "no one but Landseer can catch the *mencheit* (humanity) of the animal and paint it in a picture. The only thing in which the masterpieces of Landseer differ from the works of other artists is, that each of his animals has a distinctive characteristic expression, which, to a greater or less degree resembles the human countenance, and this gives a character to each individual in his group of animals."

How I found this *mencheit* in the handpiece of Barney Hagerman's cane! After studying the details of the fine carving for some considerable time, I laid it carefully back upon the table, as Barney seated himself opposite to me, and leaning back in his chair, puffed thick masses of aromatic smoke from his lips.

"Where did you get that stick?" I inquired.

"I found it," returned Barney Hagerman.

"What a misfortune to the one that lost!" said I.

"Did I not tell you that I found it?" said Barney. "No one lost it, I presume. I found it growing in the woods."

"Oh, yes," said I, "I understand you now, you found the stick and made the head on it yourself."

"No, sir, you do not understand me," rejoined Barney. "I made no head on it. The head was on it when I found it."

"You do not pretend to tell me that that exquisite head grew in that shape, on that stick?" said I, in astonishment.

Barney replied:

"I have pretended to tell you that very thing, and, to avoid a mistake, or misunderstanding of my meaning, I repeat to you, that I found that stick in the woods with that identical dog's head on it, and that same dog's head grew on that stick precisely in the shape and form you now see it. Now I think we understand each other."

"You surprise me," I continued, "I am loth to believe that you mean to convey the idea your statement implies."

Barney Hagerman slowly, and without a word in reply refilled his pipe, crossed the room, took a match from the safe, and, striking it, applied it to his pipe. He stood several minutes looking out of the window. Finally he returned to the table and resumed his seat. He took up the stick, and holding the head of the cane on a level with his eyes, he scanned it earnestly for a minute, when, laying it back upon the table, he said:

"I found that stick with the head on it, in the woods. That head grew there, just as you see it. I had to cut away a good deal of wood to get at the head though, for I could not see the head at all inside the bark and wood that was around it when I found it; but, I knew that I would find the head in there when I had cut away the superincumbent wood that surrounded it. So, I kept whittling away until I at last succeeded in getting off every particle except that beautiful head which was left after the redundant wood was cut away.

"In such an undertaking a person must be very particular, or he will spoil the head by cutting some of it away with the wood that adheres to it. He must know just where to put the knife each time. In fact, he must see the head inside of the wood, before he begins, (although others cannot see it,) or he will surely spoil it in cutting away the wood."

"Sold!" cried I, and, leaning back in my chair, I contemplated the firm countenance of Barney Hagerman which was touched with the slightest expression of waggery that can be conceived. Barney slowly continued.

"There is a picture in every cloud, in every dash of sunlight, and in every expanse of shadow. There is a statue in every rock, a form in every clod, and an expression in every granite boulder. But it is only the eye of genius that can perceive them, and only the skillful hand, guided by that genius, that can develope them by removing the superabundance of material that conceals them. In truth, these beautiful forms abound in the store-house of genius, and the marble and the clay are only the plaster media chosen by the artist through which to manifest these ideals of his mind—these shadowy forms that people the realms of his genius."

"The glowing fancies we see elaborated in art, first exist in the soul of the artist in burning and consuming thought, where they struggle and conflict for an external expression, until he wreaks them upon the marble or canvass, and not until others stand face to face with his creations, the ideals of genius, do they see what he saw, and feel what he felt."

"Barney," said I, still contemplating his quiet, yet deeply intellectual features, "Barney, you are out of your sphere. You ought to be in one of our largest cities, where your genius could be appreciated, and where you could meet with men nearer your own intellectual measure."

"You take me for a fool?" turning around and staring full in my face. "Surely you must think me a great fool. Do you suppose I would choose to imprison myself in a paltry city when there is a whole world to live in? Now I am a cosmopolite. I claim the wide world as my residence The metropolitan is limited to a miserable city of a few hundred thousand people as his home. The cosmopolitan is the centre of a universe.

"You would have me exchange the pure air and the bright sunshine of the country for the filthy and pestilential atmosphere of a city. A large city breathes like a living being. Its breath is poisonous to the human constitution, both physically and morally. The massive lungs of a large city are momentarily pumping its fœtid breath along its streets, alleys and avenues, for human beings to live upon. With the physical stench that is generated in large cities, there is also generated a moral carbonic acid gas, which is just as poisonous to the human mind, as the other is to the human body. Men cannot think purely when they are plunged up to their eyes in bad air and bad morals."

"I do not comprehend what you mean by the breathings of a city," said I.

"I will tell you," replied Barney Hagerman, and continued. "Take the city of New York at sunrise, in July, or August, as an illustration. A comparative rest, for a few minutes prevails. A cool air arises from the cleanly swept and freshly sprinkled paving stones of the upperportion of Broadway. But soon the city, like a huge monster, awakes, and begins to chafe and growl. One hundred and twenty-five thousand draft-horses, burdened to their utmost strength, pour their fiery breath, through heated nostrils, along the streets. This, in a few minutes, mingles with the effluvia arising from the droppings of the same number of horses. These emanations arise in rank undulations, and, mingling with the breath of half a million human beings, form a distinctive element in the common air that you and I must breathe. The whirl of business, the great rise and fall of every-day human action and motion, the conflict and turmoil of animal action, the din and struggle of mechanical motion, are all started, and the lungs of the city are fairly in play. They inspire and expire like the lungs of a leviathan. We inhale the expirations, composed of the fumes from incubrating oil, of rotten fish, of escaping gas, of smoke-stacks, of tar, pitch and oakum, of meat-markets and fish-markets, of chandries and refineries, of cooking, stewing, roasting and baking, of the garbage and sewerage, of the sweat and droppings of all the horses, mingled, bring out the gush of the great lungs of the city. That is what I mean by the breathings of a large city."

"But this is in the morning," continued Barney Hagerman. "Wait until evening—until after these disgusting and sickening out-door pestilences have been multiplied for fourteen hours—until the cursing, swearing and drinking commences—until indecent revels are at their acme—until debauchery, vice and crime open their obscene orgies, when want and misery send up their piteous prayer to mingle with the wail of disease and the shouts of fiends. The lungs of the great city are then playing fearfully, under the impulses of a raging fever.

"It must be very interesting to a man of good taste to live in a great city, and to inhale this infectious breath, rank from its diseased lungs, day after day. It must be beautiful to live—nay, to mock life in a large city.

"Here we live in one of the most beautiful villages in the world. It has its little lungs, too, and its gentle breath, as pure as an infant's. Look out of the window there, where the crystal waters of the St. Joseph reflect the white cottages on the thither shore. See the boys playing with the great, shaggy Newfoundler. Carlo enjoys the fun; the boys their pants rolled above their knees, their little limbs as red as lobster's from wading in the cool water, also enjoy the sport. Hear that merry burst of cheerful laughter, mingling with the morning song of the robin, the thrush, and the oriole. There is nothing chronic in that shout. There is no morbid odor, no fœted breath, no sudden and alarming palpitations in that morning revelry of the barefoot village boys. Feel that puff of pure fresh air, as it steals with its balmy odors through the meadow. Do you catch the aroma of the oak and the hickory, mingled with the perfume of the wild anemone, and the meadow sweet? They come fluttering along on the wings of the zephyr, from yonder grove across the meadow. And yonder stretches the broad prairie, with its blue gauzy atmosphere, and its carpet of springing wheat fields. Oh! how beautiful everything is, and how it makes one wish to live forever. Even the human countenance, in the midst of this world of peace, and quiet, and unpretending purity, is more beautiful, and the unaffected smile more cheerful.

"There goes the mechanic to his daily toil, whistling merrily. He carries no brick in his hat from last night's debauchery. Yonder comes the farmer with his broad and honest smile, bringing his tributary butter-pail in the cool of the morning. Seen in this point of view, life is beautiful. Honest industry and contentment hallow life in the country. Speculation and vice desecrate it in the city. The metropolitan lives in a city. To him the city is the world. The cosmopolitan lives in the world. To him the world is home. I am a cosmopolitan.

"You would advise me to change all this sweet peace, this pure life, this reality of being, for the feverish pulsations, the dust and noise, the filth and vice of a city, would you? No, no, I am not such a fool as you take me for. Here I know everybody; in a city I know nobody. I almost loose my own individuality, and scarcely know myself. No, sir, I am not such a fool." * *

"'Sermons in stones * *
Books in the running brooks,
And good in everything.'

are not to be found in large cities," said Barney Hagerman, igniting a match and applying it to his pipe. "These only pertain to the country, and to the quiet and peaceful villages of the country, where malicious conventionalities are ignored, and where pure air, pure morals, and pure life promote human happiness."—*Michigan Freemason.*

[Note.—Pretty well said. But our country friends must remember—

1. That no one man of us citizens has to breathe *all* that business.

2. That there is open country all around our cities—and moreover a great ocean, say thirty miles high, of the purest and best air just above us, which is intermingling continually, owing to its superior coolness and weight, with the thin stratum (say 40 feet) of air in our streets.

3. That in many portions of the country the malaria from swamps, decaying vegetable matter, weeds, &c., especially in the Autumn months, is a fruitful cause of bilious and nervous fevers, ague, &c.

4. That many farmers, by having offensive drains, dirty hog-pens, and nitoy manure yards, near their dwellings, render the air very little if any better than the worst air in the cities.

So it will be seen that the case is not entirely one-sided.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

The Alphabet.

The theory that the alphabet has been produced by a gradual transition from the simply pictorial to the altered or conventional, and lastly to the phonetic, receives confirmation from the fact that in some languages certain of the letters resemble the forms of the thing of which they were at first the symbol. Thus, the Hebrew equivalent of our vowel *a* is called Aleph, or the ox, and the original character itself bore a resemblance to the head and horns of an ox, so that in the nursery rhyme of the young Hebrew the *a* not only stood for, but veritably was the aleph itself. In the same alphabet, the G, Ghimel, signifying camel, resembled the long neck and head of that animal; while the D, or Daleth, meaning a door, reproduces the door as delineated in Egyptian hieroglyphics. Similar, though less marked, resemblances have been found in other antique characters; and by following this course of reasoning, it is claimed that links have been established between the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the Hebrew and Phœnician alphabets, by which the ultimate origin of the shape and name of a number of our modern letters is traced back substantially as follows:—

A to Aleph, or an ox.

B to a house, called Beth by the Hebrews.

Ch or K to a vase, named Kelol by the Egyptians.

D to a door or archway, called Daleth by the Hebrews.

G or Gh to a camel, called Ghimel by the Hebrews.

H to a hand.

I or J to a hand or a hand and forearm.

K to the palm of the hand, called Kaph by the Hebrews.

M to a spot, or water, called Mem by the Hebrews.

N to a fish or serpent.

Ph or P to the mouth, called Phe by the Hebrews.

R to the head, called Reech by the Hebrews.

Sh or S to the teeth, called Shin by the Hebrews.

Z to a line, or blade, or sound, called Zain by the Hebrews.

In tracing an alphabet by this method, it would be only just to overlook a great amount of discrepancy as comparatively non-essential, by allowing for the almost unlimited variation possible in a written character. It is a fact daily verified, for notwithstanding the efforts of generations of schoolmasters and the laborious endeavors of students to form their calligraphy upon received models, individual handwriting has the singular peculiarity of offering one of the most certain methods of revealing personal idiosyncrasies, and varying with the endless varieties of the character of mind that finds unintentionally a sort of reflex in the character that flows from the pen.

The Jewish Rabbis claim priority for the Hebrew alphabet in the assurance that it was used before the flood (Josephus alleges that he had seen the writing of Seth,) and is the parent of all written languages; while their opponents allege that the alphabet must be sought in that learning of the Egyptians of which Moses was a master, or in the labors of the Phœnicians, by whom it was transmitted through Greece to the rest of Europe. A school of modern philologists, by the evidence drawn from linguistic research, also trace back to Chaldea, where the shepherds, as they watched their flocks, were either wooed into poetic revery by the soothing breeze, or stimulated into studious observation by the evolutions of the stars overhead, and thus became the source from which learning spread in two streams, one turning westward to find its first resting-place in Egypt, and the other eastward to be welcomed by the contemplative Hindu.

There is little that is original or comparatively modern in our own alphabet. Still, like everything else connected with our language, it has undergone some modifications. The letter *w* is of comparatively modern origin, and it was formed by a union of two *u's* or *v's*, the early English *v* being identical with *u* in the Latin. In the last century, the English alphabet proper contained but twenty-four letters, for *j* and *v* consonant, although sometimes used, were not supposed to be entitled to the honors of a full admission. The names of some of the letters have also been materially changed. Thus Z has been named Izzard, Zed, and Zee, by successive generations of American schoolboys; and H, which we pronounce *aitch*, was up to a recent period, and perhaps is at present, called *haitch* by the best English authorities.—*J. H. Ringwalt, in Printers' Circular.*

THE SEED.

BY R. S. P.

When, in the dark, imprisoning ground,
  The seed lies waiting for its hour,
Within a narrow cell fast bound,
  Yet conscious of an inward power,
I know that it must cherish there
Dim longings for the upper air;
Dreams of a life more free and fair;
  Foregleams of leaf and flower.

And when at last the word goes forth,
  And its frail covering falls apart;
And, rising upward from the earth,
  A new life thrills through every part,—
The great sun greets it with a smile,
And the soft airs of spring the while
Its unexpanded leaves beguile
  From out their buds to start;

While over it, a sheltering tent,
  The warm sky bends by night and day;
And at its feet, in sweet content,
  The brook goes singing on its way;
And, lifting up its head, it sees
The lofty over-arching trees,
And feels itself akin to these
  With silent ecstasy.

How like a dream must seem the strife
  And longing of its stay below!
How brief the struggle of that life,—
  Its days of waiting long and slow!
How strange and sweet the sudden bliss
That the dark way could lead to this!—
I think I now can dimly guess;
  But one day I shall know.
—*Old and New.*

John Oakheart and Son.

BY DION BOURCICAULT.

John Oakheart and son are Baltic merchants. Young John entered his father's office as a clerk, at sixty pounds a year, of which he paid his mother forty for board, lodging and washing, and clothed himself with the odd twenty. Do not imagine that Mr. Oakheart's establishment required this assistance. The old gentleman desired to make his son feel independent—he was a man, he earned his own livelihood, and he should feel that he supported himself. At twenty-five years of age young Oakheart marries, receiving with his wife a moderate sum of money. He wants to purchase a share in his father's business; they cannot come to terms. Young John can make a better bargain with a rival house in the trade. The old man hesitates; he likes the sound of John Oakheart and Son, but business is business. Had his son married a penniless girl, the father would have given him what he now refuses to sell; but now, business is business, and, as a calculation, he can't do it. So young John becomes a chief partner in a rival firm to that which must one day be his, and trades against the old man, whose only sin is to lay up wealth for his son.

Every day, at four o'clock, leaning against a particular corner on 'Change, stands the elder merchant, his hands deeply sunk into his dog's-eared pockets. A young city man approaches; they exchange a quiet, careless nod.

"Feel inclined to discount for £1,200 at long date?"

"What security?" asks the old man.

"Turkish '54."

"Any names?"

"My own, only; it's a private matter, and has nothing to do with our house," replied the younger. "I will give four per cent."

"I should want more than that, as money goes—say 4½."

"The brokers ask only 4¼," replies the young man.

"Then give it." And they separate with an indifferent nod. That was father and son.

Every Sunday young John and his wife dine at Russell Square, in the same house where old Oakheart has lived for thirty years. His name has been cleaned out of the brass plate on the door. This house John still looks upon and speaks of as his home. All the associations of his childhood are there—every piece of furniture is an old friend—every object is sacred in his eyes, from his own picture, taken at four years old, with its chubby face and fat legs, to the smoke-dried picture of Gen. Abercrombie. They form the architecture of that temple of his heart—his home.

After dinner the ladies have retired. The crimson curtains are comfortably closed. The crackling fire glows with satisfaction.

"Jack, my boy," says the father, "what do you want with £1,200?"

"Well, sir," replies young John, "there is a piece of ground next to my villa at Brixton, and they threaten to build upon it; if so, they will spoil our view. Emily," meaning his wife, "has often begged me to buy it and enclose it in our garden. Next Wednesday is her birthday, and I wish to gratify her with a surprise; but I have reconsidered the matter—I ought not to afford it—so I have given it up."

"Quite right, Jack," responded the old man; "it would have been a piece of extravagance," and the subject drops.

Next Wednesday, being Emily's birthday, the old people dine with the young folks. Just before dinner, old John takes his daughter-in-law aside, and places in her hand a parchment—it is the deed of the little plat of ground she coveted. He stops her thanks with a kiss, and hurries away. Ere the ladies retire, Emily finds time to whisper the secret to her husband. And the father and son are alone. Watch the old man's eyes fixed on the fire, for he has detected this piece of affectionate treachery, and is almost ashamed of his act, because he does not know how to receive his thanks. For a few moments a deep, gentle feeling broods upon the young man's heart; he has no words—it is a prayer syllabled in emotion that makes his lip tremble; he lays his hands upon his father's arm, and their eyes meet.

"Tut, Jack, sir! pooh sir! it must all come to you some day—God bless you, my boy, and make you as happy at my age as I am now." In silence the souls of those men embrace.

But who is that seraph that gathers them beneath her outspread angel wings? I have seen her at the fireside, fluttering like a dove from bosom to bosom. I have seen her link distant hearts parted by the whole world—she is the good genius of the Anglo-Saxon family—and her name is Home.

☞ The Inventor of Spectacles.—On a tomb-stone at Florence is this inscription: "Here lies Salvino Armato d'Armati, of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins. The year 1318."

ONLY A WORD.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A parting in angry haste,
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,
The loving look and the tender kiss,
Has set on a barren waste,
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A moment that blots out years,
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore,
Where billows of passion surge and roar
To break in a spray of tears;
Tears shed to blind the severed pair
Drifting seaward and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
A flash from a passing cloud,
Two hearts are scathed to their utmost core,
Are ashes and dust for evermore.
Two faces turn to the crowd,
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
An arrow at random sped,
It has cut in twain the mystic tie
That had bound two souls in harmony,
Sweet Love lies bleeding or dead.
A poisoned shaft with scarce an aim,
Has done a mischief sad as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! for the loves and lives
So little a cause has rent apart;
Tearing the fondest heart from heart
As a whirlwind rends and rives,
Never to reunite again,
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,
Alas! that it should be so!
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,
Have wrought more evil, and done more wrong,
Have brought to the world more woe
Than all the armies age to age
Records on history's blood-stained page.

Saved from Death.

Clive and I were engaged to be married, and had been so about three months. We had known each other a great many years; and he often came down to the rectory, till one day, in a very unromantic manner, he asked me if I would be his wife; and though there had been none of the sighings, and jealousies, and heart-burnings we read about, I knew that, in my foolish little way, I was very fond of Clive; and feeling how good, and true-hearted, and strong he was, and how glad I ought to be that he would stoop to such a poor, little, insignificant girl as I was, I looked up in his brave, handsome face, which I could hardly see for the tears swimming in my eyes, and then I said Yes I would; and then for a while I was clasped close to his breast; and it seemed to me that there could be no more care or trouble in this world, and all that I had to do was to nestle there to be safe from all life-storms to come. He kissed me then, gently and lovingly; and somehow I felt very happy—so happy, that when my uncle, who had brought me up from a child, came into the room, I did not flinch hastily away, but went to him quietly, and clung to his arm, while Clive, in his bold, open way, said: "Mr. Grace, Mary has promised to be my wife."

Uncle shook hands with him warmly, and patted my cheek as he drew me close to him; and after that, matters went on in a very quiet unexciting way for three months, Clive coming down on Saturday night, and staying till Monday morning, when he returned to his office in the city, and in those days we used quietly to talk about the future: how in years to come we were to be married, and how we were to plan and contrive about our little income ? ing a cottage somewhere six or eight miles from town, and living very sparingly, because Clive's salary was anything but high. Our planning, though, was needless; for one day Clive came down in great haste, and I could see by his face that he had important news to communicate; and so it proved. He had been asked by his employers, a large merchant firm, whether he would like to accept another appointment.

"But is it advantageous?" I asked.

"Yes," he said in a quiet, strange way; "six hundred pounds a year."

"Six hundred pounds a year, Clive!" I exclaimed; "why, we shall be rich."

"Rich? yes," he said, taking my hand; "but there is a drawback."

"A drawback?"

"Yes, I must sign an agreement to serve them for six years certain."

"Well," I said, "but is not that advantageous?"

"Perhaps," he said, looking very hard in my eyes as he spoke; "but I have not told you where it is."

"Not abroad, Clive!" I exclaimed, as a sudden pang shot through me.

"Yes, love, abroad—in Java—at a Dutch station."

"But you cannot accept it, Clive—six years—you will not leave me?" Then I checked myself, as I thought of my selfishness, and it struck me that I was going to be a stumbling-block in his path, when fortune was within his grasp.

"Do you wish me to give it up, Mary?" he said.

"Yes—no, no, Clive; I am selfish!" I exclaimed; "you must not throw it up—it would be destroying your future prospects. It seems hard to bear—hard to wait for six years; but we must be patient."

I could say no more, for the tears I had striven to keep back would come; but the next moment he held me sobbing in his arms as he whispered: "Is there no other way of getting over the difficulty, darling?"

I looked up in his face, for, for a few moments, I did not see what he meant; but the next minute I was clinging to him, weeping silently; and so it fell out that at eighteen I was my dear husband's girlish little wife, so girlish, that, as we ascended the side of the great ship Batavian at Gravesend, I saw the sailors whispering to one another, and I felt my cheeks burn, because I knew that they were saying I was such a mere child. For it was all like a dream—that hurried wedding, and the hasty preparation for our voyage. My uncle had said that it would be suicidal for Clive to give up so good an appointment; and though he felt it bitterly, he considered with Clive that six years was too long a reparation. "Had it been three," he said, "he would have considered it our duty to wait;' but as it was for the longer period, he yielded easily to Clive's solicitations; and in one short fortnight all was settled; farewells had been said; and the great ship was slowly sailing down the ever-widening river.

It seemed so strange, so wonderful, that it required at times the reassuring touch of Clive's hand to make me realise the fact that we were bidding farewell to the old country. But so it was; and though my heart was sore at parting from my uncle, yet that sorrow was mingled with so much happiness that I fear I did not think enough of his pain.

The days glided by, even as the great ship glided past the shores of the old country, and soon we had seen the last of the great rock-point which they told me was the Lizard, and we were far at sea.

Had I been a queen, I could not have had more attention paid to me; the captain, mates, and even the humblest sailor, always had a smile for me; and as we reached in time the hotter regions, there was always a summons, and the best place reserved for poor little me, whenever flying-fish, or dolphins, or a shark was in sight.

The days grew into weeks, and with almost invariably pleasant weather, the ship sailed on. There seemed no danger—nothing to apprehend; and as I sat with the soft breeze fanning my cheeks, all the perils of the sea of which I had read seemed so distant and impossible, that I could hardly believe the gentle rippling waves, and the soft cloud-flecked sky, could possibly be guilty of the cruelties of which we hear.

At last, though, came a cloud, and that cloud seemed to settle upon my husband's brow. I asked him the reason, and he unwillingly told me that it was on account of the vessel.

It was upon one soft tropical evening that I elicited that response from him; and as he spoke, he drew me close to him as we leaned over the side, looking down at the glittering starlight reflected from the dark bosom of the sea.

"Are you keeping anything from me, Clive?" I said gently. "Am I not to share the trouble as well as the happiness of life?"

"Trouble, little one," he said—"trouble ought never to come near you."

"But I should not be happy if I felt that I did not share all, Clive. By keeping me in ignorance, you would be inflicting the very trouble from which you would screen me."

"Beaten with my own weapons," he said lightly; and then, in an undertone: "I am uneasy, darling, about the vessel."

"But why?" I said. "What is there to make you uneasy?"

"Look along the deck, and tell me what you see."

"What do I see? The man at the steering-wheel, the men of the watch, and the four men pumping."

Clive was silent.

"What makes you uneasy, then?" I asked after a while.

"Darling," he said, "if you had not asked me, I should not have told you; but I cannot bring myself to seem wanting in confidence. Have you not noticed any change in Captain Webster and Mr. Green?"

"They seemed a little more cheerful and merry than usual," I said.

"In the cabin—yes; but when on deck, it has not been so. Mary, darling, I fear there is trouble at hand; those four men pumping looks ominous."

"Ominous?"

"Yes, love. Three days ago, one man was employed pumping; the next day, two men were at work at once, and they were relieved again and again; yesterday, four men were pumping all day till evening; to-day, it was commenced at daybreak, and orders have, I know, been given that it is to be kept up all night."

"And what does that mean?" I asked, though I felt that I knew what the answer would be.

"It means, love, that we are a thousand miles from any land, and that the ship has sprung a leak."

I was only a weak girl then, and very young, so that perhaps my emotion may be excused; for I felt a strange catching of my breath, and a sense of dread stealing over me; but I tried hard to master it all, and I don't think my voice shook as I laid my hands on Clive's breast, and said: "Dear husband, we are in the hands of the Almighty; let us hope that in our weakness we are magnifying the peril."

He caught my hands in his, and held me at arms' length for a few moments, gazing down in my eyes. "And I've been thinking you a timid little girl, Mary!" he exclaimed at length. "God bless you! Yours is indeed a brave little heart."

We were interrupted by a little display of excitement forward, and in the dim light we could see that the captain and both the mates were there. Orders were hurriedly given, and soon there was the clanking noise of another pump hard at work, with the plashing of the water as it streamed down over the side. Lanterns were busily moving about, now on deck, now disappearing below. Then I heard calls for the carpenter, and the captain giving loud orders; and soon after there was a good deal of bustle close to the ship's bows; and Clive explained to me that they were drawing a sail under the bottom of the ship, so as to try and stop the flood of water, for it was evident that the danger was growing greater.

All through that long dark night we staid on deck, listening to the clanking noise of the pumps, and the rippling plash of the water as it ran over the side; but when morning broke, it was evident that the danger was not lessened. The captain looked pale and anxious, and there was a sullen, discontented look about the men, who could only with difficulty be prevailed upon to keep to their work of pumping. About midday, they broke out into open mutiny, and refused to pump any longer; for the carpenter having been sent below, came up with so bad a report that the men left their work directly, and, in spite of commands, and even threats, they set their officers at defiance, and began to make preparations for leaving the ship.

"Look here, Cap'en Webster," said an old bluff-looking sailor; "we're ready enough to obey, only it ain't no good to stop here, with the ship sinking under us. The murder's out now, and what's the good of fighting again' it? She's started a plank, that's what she's done; and all the pumps, and twice as many more, could not keep the water under."

"John Jackson," said the captain, "you're the last man I should have thought would turn against your captain."

"So I am cap'en—hang me if I ain't," said the man. "It's no good, lads; I'm under orders again; who's coming on my side?"

Three more men came out of the little group, and followed the bluff old sailor to where the captain and the mates were standing in front of us; but the rest of the crew went on stolidly placing water and provisions in a couple of the boats, and at last launched them, and were about to push off without a word, when Captain Webster threw them in a compass, and gave them directions which course to steer.

Five minutes after they were rowing swiftly away, when for the first time Clive spoke:

"Is there no chance of saving the vessel, Captain Webster?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "not the slightest. In two hours, she will have gone down."

I shivered as I heard these words; but I tried to smile as Clive glanced round at me; and then, for the next hour, busy preparations for leaving the vessel were carried on.

The boat left was large and roomy; and upon its being launched, sails, masts, and cordage, were placed inside, with quite a heavy store of water and provisions, every man working hard; and though they smiled at my efforts, I ran backwards and forwards from the cabin carrying necessaries for our use.

But at last all was declared to be in readiness, and I was lowered over the side, Clive quickly taking his place with me in the boat, where there were already the four sailors; then came the two mates, and lastly the captain.

"You bear witness, gentlemen," he said, "that I left nothing undone; and that it was not until every effort had failed, that I left my ship."

He would have said more, but something which caught his eye made him shout to the men to raise their oars; and then, all together, they rowed hard away from the ship's side.

At first, I did not know why this was done, but I soon saw that it was to avoid the vortex which the sinking vessel would cause; for, before five minutes had elapsed, the great ship began to roll slowly from side to side; and then, in spite of myself, I uttered a cry as it gave a plunge forward, and seemed to dive down out of sight, leaving us alone upon the surface of the great waters.

The night came on, and passed slowly away, affecting us all with a deep feeling of awe as we thought of the frail defence we had against death. To us the vast ocean, heaving so slowly and regularly beneath, seemed then like the threshold of eternity; and I know that I trembled as I clung to poor Clive's arm, in spite of his encouraging words. But very little was said that night; and I know that no one slept; but we all sat watching and longing for the morning.

At another time, I could have remained rapt with wonder and joy at the glorious sunrise, which flooded the whole surface of the sea with orange and gold; but there was the sense of the great solitude oppressing me always, while around me were the pale, haggard faces of men who knew the perilous strait in which we lay. As the morning broke, though, the captain rose up in the bows, and stood looking around in every direction, to try if he could make out where the other boats were, but, though he tried again and again, he could see nothing; and we felt that we were alone. It was not a time for repining, however, and every man set busily to work, arranging such things as we had in the boat; then a little mast was set up, and a sail hoisted, which the soft breeze gently filled; and the boat began to go lightly over the swell. After a short consultation, the captain determined to sail for the island of Amsterdam, a tiny speck in mid-ocean, but a place that might prove to us a haven of refuge till a passing vessel could take us off; for, though at the present time the sea and sky were serene and bright, we did not know how soon a storm might arise to engulf our little frail boat.

One—two—three days we sailed on; and then came a change—a fierce wind blowing from the very direction in which our island lay. First, the sky grew black with clouds, while the sea became white and foaming, the waves each moment curling up more and more fiercely, till they beat against the sides and splashed over. The boat's course was altered, the sail lowered all but a tiny portion, and then the little vessel began to ride swiftly over the waves, now leaping up a great hill of water, hanging balanced on the foamy ridge, and then plunging and gliding down into a depth from which it seemed impossible that we could ever rise. Then came a time when every one except the captain, who sat pale and stern, steering the boat, began to bale out the water which constantly dashed over the sides. Even I would have helped, but every one smiled, and tried to make the part of the boat I was in more comfortable, by putting up a portion of the sail, so as to screen me from the spray, which was now icily cold.

It might be thought that in such a time of trouble men would have been moved by selfish thoughts; but it was not so, for again and again it seemed to me that I was made the first consideration. When biscuit and water, or wine, were passed round, I received always the first share; and all through that wild and fearful time, even the roughest sailor there was ready to show me respect, and try to do some little act to prove his willingness to serve me.

For a whole week we were borne along through that great chaos of troubled waters, each moment expecting some huge wave to engulf us; and then slowly the tempest began to abate. First, the wind went down, and then by slow degrees the waves—so slowly, though, that losing care, now that the peril was supposed to be not great, one of the sailors, who was steering, allowed a wave to wash right in, deluging the boat from end to end, so that it seemed about to sink, and I clung to Clive, feeling that our last hour had come.

The confusion caused by this sudden danger made matters worse; and two of the men plunged overboard with an oar each, to keep themselves afloat, for they felt that the boat was going down. But a few words from Captain Webster restored confidence; and, in spite of fatigue, the water was attacked, so that each moment the vessel rose higher, and at last was entirely free once more.

It was two days, though, before the sun once again shone out to cheer our disconsolate state—disconsolate, indeed; for, in the time of peril, the little water-casks had been washed or thrown out, while the greater part of our provision had floated away, at a time when every thought had been devoted towards keeping afloat. The biscuit was saturated, and we were all cold and numbed with being so long shivering in the water. It almost seemed to chill our very hearts, when, upon examination being made of each bag and case of provision, they were, without exception, found to have been destroyed by exposure.

"Looking will not mend it, my lads," said the captain bravely. "Let us be hopeful, and fight through it all as well as we can. Never despair; and recollect that we have a charge here to save as well as ourselves."

He pointed to me as he spoke, and the men gave a faint cheer, as, in accordance with his orders, the sail was once more well hoisted, the boat trimmed, and we were once more skimming over the sea.

Night, morning—night, morning, succeeding each other, for I don't know how many strange and misty days of horror, with a gnawing pain of hunger tormenting us, and the pains of thirst becoming hourly more and more unbearable. Captain Webster held up bravely, and encouraged us all; but we could only see that we were sailing on to our death—a death of torment, with the burning sun above us, and the mocking water around, ever tantalising, and, as it were, asking us to drink, as it lapped musically against the frail sides, foaming, sparkling, and pure. But the captain's advice was not always taken, and though with a faint smile upon his lip, Mr. Green, the first-mate, owned to his weakness, he persisted, during one frantic fit of agony, in drinking desperately the draught that should hasten his end; for soon he grew delirious, starting as if spoken to, then leaping up, and wanting to alter the direction of the boat's head; while, when a couple of the sailors tried to restrain him, their weakness was such that he thrust them aside, and they sank back in their places, helplessly gazing at him as he climbed over the boat's thwarts, pushed the rope which held the sail aside, and muttering angrily, trampled upon me as he made at the captain who was steering. Clive tried to stay him; and in spite of my effort to restrain it, I uttered a loud scream, for the poor creature seemed to catch his foot in my dress; and before we were aware of it, he made a lurch sideways, and fell heavily into the water.

For a few moments we were all petrified; but the captain altered the boat's course, and ran back to the spot where the mate had disappeared; but though we ran to and fro for some time, and every eye was gazing intently upon the limpid water, we saw no more of the poor mate; and for the rest of that evening I sat with my head bowed down upon my knees, praying that help might come.

The silence that reigned on board that little boat was almost startling; but it was engendered of despair, and when in the pale moonlight I looked up again, it was to have that despair which was in my breast augmented by the fixed stare in poor Clive's eyes.

I did not know it then, but I learned it afterwards, that my share of the food and water had been daily augmented by the half of his, and now it seemed that he was dying, and that I was to lose my sole protector. I flung myself frantically at his feet, and tried to speak; but my mouth was parched and dry. I looked round for help, but it was only to gaze upon four impassive, stony figures, whose fixed and heavy eyes responded not to my appeal. There was a smile, though, upon poor Clive's face as he felt my arms clasp him, and slipping from his seat, lower and lower, he sat at last in the bottom of the boat with his head resting on my breast, while the sight of content that he gave sent a shudder through me, for my heart whispered that it was his last.

"Throw some water in his face—moisten his hair," whispered a harsh voice, which I did not recognise as the captain's; but I tried to obey it, and bathed my husband's forehead, though apparently without effect, for he lay motionless, his arms lightly circling me, and his eyes half closed; and then it was that with my bodily power momentarily growing weaker, my mental faculties seemed to become more active, and my tears fell fast, as I thought how hard it was for him so young and brave to die thus early. At times I asked myself whether I was to blame—whether I ought not to have dissuaded him from accepting this post—to have been content with less brilliant prospects at home. I felt that it was for my sake he had accepted it, and this was to be the end!

That long, long night passed; and with the rising sun I gazed upon Clive's face to find it still and placid as if in sleep. The captain, who was the only man who moved, seemed to me—for all I saw was in a dreamy, misty way—to secure the rudder, and then crawl forward, when he pressed a scrap of biscuit into my hand, and from a bottle would have poured a few drops between my lips, when one of the sailors snatched at it. There was a moment's struggle, and the precious liquid fell over the side, the sailor making a dash at it, and falling half over the boat's edge, to lie with his face in the water, too weak to struggle back till the captain and the stout old sailor dragged him in; but the bottle was gone.

A time of bright golden mist, with a red-hot globe seeming to scorch my head, and a time of dense black darkness, the one mingled with and running into the other. Then pleasant visions of green fields and bubbling streams, with delicious melting fruits hanging over the bright glistening waters. Then the old days, with Clive half-supporting me as we wandered in the pleasant lanes, talking of the happy future. Then, again, the golden glowing haze, and the burning heat, the muttering of voices, the soft fluttering of the sail; and then once more the black darkness, mingled now with the hissing as of mighty winds; and then it seemed as if my head sank upon my husband's neck, and that I went to sleep.

And it was so; but it was almost the long sleep of death; and so near had been the end, that it was not until after days of unremitting attention that reason returned, and I found that I was lying in a cot in a dimly shaded cabin. For a long time I could not realize the past—could not understand where I was. There was the heaving motion of a vessel, the "wash-wash" of the water hurrying by, and occasionally a heavy footstep upon the deck overhead. But at last came a sigh, apparently close at hand, followed by a rustling noise; and turning my curious eyes in the direction, it was for them to encounter my husband's face—but so careworn, pallid, and anxious, as to be almost unrecognisable. The next moment my feeble arms were round his neck, and the tears of thankfulness were flowing, for I knew that we were saved.

Saved, indeed; but how near had been our end may be divined, when I relate that the merchantman which picked us up passed us in the night; but the white sail of our boat attracted the attention of a sailor: and upon the vessel's course being changed, the impression at first was that the duty to be performed, was to afford Christian burial—a right, indeed, needed by the three sailors; Captain Webster and the second-mate being the only other survivors.

A month later, weak, and the shadows of our former selves, we were landed at Madras, the destination of the vessel which had picked us up; and soon after, but with many a shiver of dread, we re-embarked, to reach Java in safety. It was not for many months that I recovered from a strange nervous depression, whose effect was constantly to bring before me, in all the vividness of reality, those terrible hours when all seemed shrouded in a golden haze, whose scorching heat burned and wasted the life within me. But by degrees came restored health and the calmness of strengthened nerves. We learned afterward that the two boats with the crew were also picked up, after many days of fearful suffering, similar to that which marked with indelible lines the forehead of my husband—a glance at which at any time is sufficient to bring back to memory, our fearful peril, and the manner in which we were Saved from Death.

Croquet.

FROM CHAMBERS'S LONDON JOURNAL.

Croquet, after suffering much from the jealousy of rival implement-makers, rival law-makers, and rival players, has at last assumed a definite shape.

Last year, there was a loudly-expressed complaint that croquet had no settled laws; each lawn had its own rules, and this was a great drawback to the game. To meet this difficulty, a conference was called, consisting of delegates from all known croquet clubs (about forty in number); and after much deliberation, the conference settled the rules, which are now published (by De la Rue & Co.), and are binding in all match and club play. Supplementary to these, and affecting principally the management of prize-meetings, which were not legislated for by the conference, are the Bye-laws of the All-England Croquet Club (Horace Cox, Strand). At the tournament on the All-England Club Ground at Wimbledon in June last, these laws and by-laws were thoroughly tested, and the proof of their answering their purpose is, that this, while it was the largest, was at the same time the most successful prize-meeting ever held.

Taking these, then, as the standard rules, we will proceed to discuss the more important of them.

The proper size for a croquet ground has been variously estimated at from one hundred yards by sixty yards, to thirty yards by twenty-five yards. Of course, any of these sizes will do, just as billiards might be played on a table thirteen feet long, or on a miniature table. But for matches, a regulation size was required, and the size determined on by the All-England Club is forty yards by thirty yards. Thus, a precedent is set; and all persons who can command a ground of such size, would do well to fix its boundaries at that area. Practical experience has shewn it to be sufficiently large for the full development of the game, and yet not too extensive for lady-players.

The boundaries of the ground should be accurately defined before play begins, as there are several rules affecting the position of the balls when sent near to or beyond the boundary. To define the boundary in the absence of a path or trench, a thin white window-cord, pegged into the ground with garden-pegs, is found the most serviceable. The most important of the laws affecting the boundary is what is called the dead boundary law, now commonly adopted in match-play. It comes to this:—If, when taking croquet, a ball is sent off the ground, the player loses the remainder of his turn. The object of the rule is to prevent the old coarse stroke, which enabled players to go any pace, without regard to strength, after balls lying safe at the further extremity of the ground. With the dead boundary law, the player going after balls at a distance is compelled to judge the strength. If he plays too hard, and goes off, he loses his turn; if he does not play hard enough, he does not get a certain shot. This is as it should be, as will appear on a moment's consideration of the parallel case of playing for a hoop after a roquet. If played too hard, the hoop cannot be made; if too gently, an uncertain shot is left. The dead boundary is sound in principle, and is a great improvement to the game, as it gives the player who is out of the break a better chance of getting in than under the old rule.

The implements used in the game are balls, hoops, pegs, mallets, and clips. These have undergone such modifications in the last two or three seasons as almost to have revolutionized the game. We again take as the standard the All-England Club dimensions, as laid down in their bye-laws.

The balls should be of well-seasoned boxwood, in diameter three and five-eighth inches, marked so as to enable the players to distinguish them. The best way of marking the balls has long been a matter of dispute. Rings of paint are sometimes employed, but it is now generally admitted that the best plan is to color the balls all over, as is done with pool-balls.

The hoops are now made of half-inch wrought iron, square at the top, and painted white. The old-fashioned slender hoops are not good, and are soon knocked out of shape. Some players prefer the hoops painted a gray blue, but white is more general. The hoop, when fixed, should stand at least twelve inches out of the ground. As to the width of the hoop, that varies with individual taste. Twelve or fourteen inches was the original width; now, hoops are used as small as four and a half inches; and four inches, though not usual, may be seen occasionally. So small a hoop is not recommended, except for very superior players on a very good lawn. Six inches is the maximum size permitted by the All-England Club, and this seems a good width for the ordinary run of players. Hoops are cheap enough, and it is easy to have two sets of different sizes. It should be observed that the hoops are liable to spread a little when fixed in the ground. They require to be occasionally removed and pinched in.

The setting of the hoops has long been one of the variable points, every one being at liberty to adopt any mode of setting, which is about as sensible as though, in ordering a billiard-table, each purchaser were to order the pockets to be put where it suited his fancy. The All-England setting, as shown in their by-laws, is now mostly used at prize-meetings. The principles involved in this setting are not to have any peg or hoop less than eight yards from the boundary, and to compel the players to run the middle hoop four times, so that, if a break-down occurs at that hoop, a shot is left within reasonable distance, and one which may be taken with impunity, as it will seldom leave the ball played last in the next player's game.

The pegs should be made of ash, and should measure one inch and a half in diame-

ter. The color of the balls should be painted on the pegs. The latest improvement is a small transverse branch piercing the top of the peg, to which the clips can be attached.

There is no restriction as to the size, shape, weight, number, or material of the mallets that may be used. All kinds of fancy mallets are in vogue; but the one generally played with has a cylindrical head of box, about nine inches long, three inches in diameter, with an ash handle, about three feet long, and octagonal in the grasp; weight about two and three-quarter pounds to three pounds. There are various modifications of this mallet, such as checkered handles (a recent improvement), a small slice taken off the bottom, to steady it on the ground, and so forth. The mallet is manufactured by Mr. Prince, of Holland street, Blackfriars, and is known as the "Cavendish" mallet. At the All-England prize-meeting of 1870, for which all the most noted players of the day put down their names, with two exceptions, all the mallets were of the pattern just described, and all the winners of prizes played with these mallets.

Clips are essential in match-play, though, for ordinary practice, there is scarcely any occasion for them. The clips fancied by the best players are made somewhat after the fashion of an American clothes-peg. The advantage they have over the old tin clips is that they can be very readily removed and refixed.

The four-ball game is now universally played in matches. If more than four want to play in practice, and there is only one lawn, this can easily be managed by having two games of four, both going on at the same time, one set starting from each end of the lawn. There is a little inconvenience in sometimes finding a ball belonging to the other set in the way; the ball, however, must be taken up for a moment, and then replaced. It is better to submit to this than to play an interminable six or eight game, which drags its slow length along for hours, and amuses nobody.

The most important modifications in the conduct of the game, settled by the conference laws, are as follows: At starting, the player's ball is to be placed one foot from the first hoop, and opposite its centre—instead of a mallet's length, as formerly. The object is to make the first hoop a moral certainty, and so to bring all the balls into play at once. If the first hoop is missed, the ball is not to be taken up, but remains where it lies, and is liable to be made use of by the other balls, whether they have run the first hoop or not. This is sound. It places the player at the first stroke of his first turn in precisely the same relation to all the balls as he is in at the commencement of all subsequent turns. Thus, during the game, a player may, at his first stroke, play for a hoop or a roquet. Formerly, he was obliged to run the first hoop before playing for a roquet; but now he may play for a roquet at the commencement of his first turn, and before running a hoop.

Tight croquet is abolished. This unscientific stroke had long been abandoned by agreement by the best players; and now its rejection is confirmed by the conference laws.

Pegging out an adversary is retained. This has always been a sore point, especially with lady-players; but now that, by a decisive vote of the conference, it has been pronounced to be the proper game, we presume no player of any pretensions will object to it. It is certainly annoying, when about to go out, to have all one's plans spoiled by perhaps a lucky long shot; but this is part of the chances of war, and the possibility of its occurrence sustains to the end the interest of the player who is behind in the game.

The first important meeting held under the new laws, was that of the All-England Club before mentioned, on their new and splendid ground at Wimbledon. This club, which is the most important and influential in existence, was formed two years ago. A plot of ground close to the Wimbledon Station (easily accessible from town) has been taken, and levelled. A pavillion has been built, and all the implements and other accessories provided, the committee having subscribed the requisite funds, free of interest. The ground covers four acres, and contains twelve practice-grounds of full size. It may be pronounced the finest match and practice ground in the kingdom. The weather has been very much against getting new-laid turf in order this season, and consequently the grounds are at present rather lumpy, but by next season they will be in excellent match order. The club already numbers about two hundred members, including many fine players. The subscription is a guinea—members being balloted for, as at other clubs. The ground was thrown open for practice in June last, and the annual prize-meeting was held at the end of the month. An attractive programme was issued; prizes, the aggregate value of about ninety pounds, being contended for: the great event of the meeting, however, was the contest for the championship and a silver cup, value fifty guineas, open to all comers. The entrance-money for this was a guinea. Twenty-four competitors appeared, including all the most noted players of the day. After much fine play, extending over four days, the cup eventually fell to Mr. Peel, who has before won several prizes open to all comers. Mr. Peel is therefore champion for 1870; but in order to retain that honor next year, he will have to play the winner of the all-comers contest at Wimbledon.

☞ At Terre Haute, Indiana, one evening recently, Miss Caroline Davis, a young lady residing in the southeast part of the city, while engaged in drawing water at a well, slipped and fell headforemost to the bottom of the well, some forty feet. Singular as it may appear, she was but slightly injured. Her cries attracted the attention of a gentleman near by, who went down, and attaching a rope around her body, drew her to the surface, more frightened than hurt by her sudden and involuntary bath.

☞ A Belgian bell-founder has cast a large church-bell of aluminium. The sound of the metal is astonishingly clear and penetrating, resembling that of a glass harmonica. The bell, moreover, notwithstanding its size, is so light, that it can be easily rung by a child.

☞ The official report of the capitulation of Sedan states that the total number of prisoners taken is 122,000. The crowd of wounded has been reduced since the reopening of the railways, and all the dead on the fields around the city have been buried.

☞ A New York drummer, struck with a pretty girl out in Mount Carmel, Ill., solicited permission to call. She cheerfully gave it, adding, "but you'll go home bald-headed."

From Montreal Southward,

VIA LAKE GEORGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Southward from Montreal the railroad passes for many miles over a level farming country, principally noticeable for the lateness and lowness of its grains. We here struck up a travelling acquaintance with a Canadian villager, dwelling near the border, who had formed one of the "army of defence" against the Fenian invasion under the doughty O'Neill, and who fought that great battle over again for our edification.

All through this region one might imagine himself in a province of "La Belle France," from the numbers of French-speaking people everywhere met. In our end of the car the poor English idiom left field in despair, conquered by the voluble Canadian French of a family party that kept us company. One old grandfather, in particular, overwhelmed us with his eloquence. His loquacity, however, came to a sudden termination. Taking a drink from the ice-cooler he turned to empty a cup of water out of the window, but only succeeded in dashing it against the closed glass, astonishing a lady, who sat on the next seat, by a shower-bath of cold water. He immediately gained an idea of the capabilities of the English language from her pointed remarks, and during the rest of our ride remained wrapped in silent reflections on the uncertainty of mundane things.

Far off to our right occasional solitary peaks rose, the northern outliers of the Green Mountains; as night approached we passed within sight of the head waters of Lake Champlain, and stopped for supper at the town of St. Albans, the celebrated rallying ground of the Fenian army, but chiefly noticeable to us from the alarming volubility of its hotel coach-drivers. The most pressing of our city cabmen might gain some useful instruction in his art at St. Albans.

We spent the night at Burlington, the largest city in Vermont, and yet only possessed of some 9,000 inhabitants. If not much can be said for its size, it certainly deserved recommendation for its beauty. It is built on a slope overlooking Lake Champlain, whose waters spread out in a charming reach before the town, dotted by several beautiful islands, while the lofty peaks of the Adirondacks form a mountain wall to its opposite shore. From the dome of the college, that stands on the hill back of the town, we gained a fine view of the Green Mountains, the lofty summits of Mount Mansfield and Camel's Hump, lifting themselves prominently above the general line of the ridge.

The town itself is a perfect nest of trees and flowers, amid which many elegant mansions lie imbedded. The Mountain Ash was in full bloom, with a beauty which it never presents in our warmer climate; clumps of the gorgeous Tiger Lily lent tone to the gardens; and in fact our desire to be pleased was ably seconded by the efforts of the inhabitants to make their city enjoyable.

The Lake Champlain boats rival those of the Hudson in comfort and in the elegance of their appointments, and there is no pleasanter trip than the ride down this lake on a fine day. The horizon on either side is bounded by the Adirondack and Green Mountain ranges, while for miles and miles on our route the peculiar-shaped peak of the "Camel's Hump" seems to pursue us, and is lost to sight only while crossing the ridge leading to Lake George. At various points the curves of the lake shore reveal charmingly situated towns, covering verdant hill-slopes, or filling the openings of mountain valleys. At these stations the boat touches hastily, and is away again on her rapid flight southward; new pictures of the mountain-girded shores, replacing the old ones ere we have half finished with them; while ahead, far as the eye can reach, a battlement of misty summits closes the onward view.

We—a brace of travellers who had exhausted our eloquence on each other—met here a party of tourists from Utica, New York, and brightened up our wearied mental faculties amazingly. This comparing impressions with new intelligent minds is a great relief to the tedium of travel, and casual interchange of opinion ripens into acquaintance and even friendship with a rapidity unwonted under other circumstances. It is not strange then that we were soon as familiar with these strangers as if we had known them for years, and formed a "mutual admiration society," each party voting the other the pleasantest of people. At least I can speak for one side, and take the other side for granted.

At Ticonderoga station we take stage for Lake George, following a mountain road over the "divide" between the two lakes, their shallow connecting stream being visible during most of the drive, flowing northward in a gorge below the road.

This drive is noted in our memories, and in those of all others who have followed the same route, by the humorous peculiarities of the old gentleman who runs and conducts the line of stages. He hails the long cavalcade in view of the ruins of old Fort Ticonderoga—of which some dilapidated walls remain—and delivers an oration, which starts shortly after the creation—of the great American nation, and ends with the day of judgment, crowding into it as much of quaint, odd, and mirth-exciting eloquence as can well be compressed within the limits of a ten minutes' speech. Particularly when he reaches the deeds of grand old Ethan Allen, and his demand for surrender in the name of "The Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," (it is said that he used to have it, "the Continental Congress,") his enthusiasm bursts all bonds and electrifies the audience into a chorus of cheers.

Their patriotic fervor is quickly repressed, however, by a stentorian—"Hold your horses, gentlemen! Hold your horses!" and the stream of his eloquence flows onward with the speed of a mountain torrent. His next outbreak is over the name of the "Glorious and Immortal George Washington," eliciting responsive cheers. Again they are checked by our orator roaring out—"Hold your horses, gentlemen! I beseech you to hold your horses!" This comical interlude, varied at every repetition, embellishes his whole oration, until he brings up with some patriotic verses descriptive of the prominent part the "Great American Republic" is to play in the day of judgment, fairly leaping into the air and shouting in his intense excitement; when he suddenly pauses, and with a ringing "Drive ahead, George!" which sends a thrill of laughter throughout the audience, ends his speech.

His next appearance on the rostrum is to call our attention to the line of ditches yet remaining of the old entrenchments, from behind which the Marquis Montcalm repulsed the much greater force of General Abercrombie, in the old French and Indian war.

He lastly appears to call our attention to a great natural curiosity, an oak and an elm branching from a single trunk at some distance from the ground; and ends with a remark that highly amused his audience, "What God has joined, let no man put asunder! Drive ahead, George!"

The stream at our left now suddenly widens; we drive round a curve in the road; dash down a steep hill; and lo! Lake George lies before us, the beautiful lake, whose unique charms few sheets of water in the world can surpass.

Boarding the little steamer "Minnehaha," we are soon afloat on the bosom of this mountain girdled "loch," determined to make all of our opportunity that the impending storm will permit it, and fill our memories with a photographic gallery of its many beauties. These consist principally of its rapidly varying mountain shores. The lake forms a basin between two mountain ridges, not standing afar off, as in the case of Lake Champlain, but rising perpendicularly from its shores, to a height varying from 1,000 to 2,500 feet.

The distance between these shores varies from a mile to five or six miles, at one place, called "The Narrows," seeming to close to a point, being here locked between some beautiful islands; beyond which new and charming landscapes open. The water is of a rich green tinge, and so clear as to reveal every object on the bottom when we approach the landing places at the fishing villages on our route, so that it aptly deserves the worn simile of an emerald in a mountain setting.

The lower half is richly diversified by islands, whose varying outlines and wooded reaches add greatly to the general beauty of the lake scenery. On several of these the tents and flags of fishing parties were seen. On one a pleasant country-seat lay embedded amid the trees; while boating parties here and there dotted the lake surface. Unfortunately for our full enjoyment a fierce gust of wind and rain drove us under shelter for the latter third of our course, clouding the eastward hills with a dense misty curtain, through which broke only their dim outlines.

Nightfall brought us to the foot of the lake, where the lofty and striking front of Fort William Henry Hotel looms prominently in view, with a promise of good cheer which it fully keeps. In all the range of summer travel there is no better kept hotel than this huge caravansary in the heart of the wilderness, and its lofty charge of five dollars per day does not prevent its having a constant throng of guests. It is worth risking a heavy hotel bill to have rooms looking up the mountain gorge of Lake George, and to see the sun rising in glory over the forest-clad summits of the eastern hills.

The principal points of attraction here are the ruins of old Fort George at the eastward corner of the lake, the lines of Fort William Henry near the hotel, an Indian encampment of basket makers on the mountain side to the west, with boating parties and steamboat excursions up the lake, and evening hops for those who come to the country for the advantages of the city, and vote undiluted nature a bore.

In departing, we had not only to tear ourselves from the lake scenery, but as well from our Utica friends; so strongly had a short period of association identified our interests that this parting seemed like the breaking up of a party of pleasure. The stage route to the town of Glens's Falls is a very attractive one, passing through some splendid mountain scenery, while the distant view of the town and valley is of the greatest beauty. Add to this that urchins on the road pelt us with bouquets of fragrant water lilies, and the charm of the ride to a lover of nature is easily conceivable.

After the lakes we may be excused for soon getting a surfeit of Saratoga, a town whose peculiar attraction I failed to discover. It surely cannot be the waters. I drank them under a continual protest from my palate. Certainly not the country nor the town, as neither has a point of attraction. Positively not the railroad depot, which is as soul-depressing an old barn as ever disgraced any backwoods railroad. Probably the hotels, for they are large enough and gay enough for those who desire size and gayety. Yet so far as I am concerned I would prefer dining at the Continental, drinking Congress water at a drug store, and taking my daily drive in Fairmount Park, to going to Saratoga for similar discomfort.

CHARLES MORRIS.

☞ When you see young gentlemen and ladies whispering and giggling and writing notes in church, it is a sign that the man who teaches good manners omitted to give them a call when he came along the last time.

☞ William Rowe was arrested in a Western town the other day for beating his wife with a hoe—as if a man hadn't a right to hoe his own Rowe.

☞ Two friends, some years ago married and widely separated, lately exchanged telegrams thus:—"To ——. All well. We have two pairs of twins. How is that for high?" "To ——. We have three little girls. Three of a kind beats two pairs!"

☞ A wag explains the immense popularity of "Lothair" by saying that Mr. Disraeli is one of those false prophets of whom it was predicted that they should cause men to say, "Lo here" and "Lo there."

☞ Chinese seals, of white porcelain, continue to be found in Ireland. They are exactly similar in design to those still in use in China, in the province of Foo-chow. The inscriptions on them also are for the most part proverbs still current in China.

☞ A drop of coal oil on a piece of cotton, then squeezed out as dry as possible, and the cotton rubbed over the face and hands, will prevent the mosquitoes from biting. No mosquito will alight where the scent has been left.

☞ A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker says he can make fifty pounds more butter from a cow, during the season, by churning the milk than by churning the cream only.

☞ ANTIDOTES TO POISONS.—Drink instantly a half glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and of ground mustard mixed in it, if any poison is swallowed. This will induce vomiting. Then swallow the white of one or two eggs, or drink a cup of hot coffee, for fear some of the poison may remain. These two are antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any other dozen of articles known.

☞ This season has proved to be the poorest for cheese-making known in Vermont for thirty years.

☞ A Bangor man thinks working between meals is killing him.

"The Blessed Damozel."

We recently republished this new poem by Mr. Rossetti, which has received great praise from many English and American critics, not without exception, however. The last number of *Blackwood's Magazine* remarks on Mr. Rossetti's volume in general:

"The poems of Mr. Dante Rossetti have already called forth an amount of remark totally out of proportion to their intrinsic importance. * * * They are now to the outside world, but they are old to the critic who has been trained into due appreciation of their merits by long acquaintance and much elucidation. Thus our literary guides have made themselves into showmen for the occasion. 'Good people,' they say, 'you do not know those great works of art, but we have known them for years: this is Lilith, you observe, a Talmudical personage, painted from the best authorities, and in the first keeping; and this is Sister Helen, who is Gothic, and in the highest style of art. Observe that our friend is master of all the styles. He can slip in a moment from Eden down to Troy town, and from thence to a medieval litany without turning a hair. It would be difficult to say in which he is best. Heaven itself is not closed to his penetrating glance. Such treasures of poetic insight—such weird acquaintance with the mystic and wonderful—such a fine melodious sense of the music and beauty of words, have seldom been revealed to the vulgar. We have known them all for years; but now the veil is withdrawn, and it is your turn to look and to worship.' Thus we have been told on all sides. It is the Illuminati who vouch for the new poet. Like Mr. Dixon, though in a very different way, Mr. Rossetti has written for a class, and he too has found it answer. But how far the verdict will be confirmed by the world, or how long a factitious reputation thus originated will last, is a very different matter."

Then the critic passes on to a consideration of "*The Blessed Damozel*," as follows:

"'The Blessed Damozel' is supposed to be the musings of a maiden in heaven, still longing for the coming of her lover. Ten years have been to her like a single day; and yet her sense of the lingering of her beloved one is so great, that the poet hears her tears, and it is clear that heaven itself is not more entertaining to her than would be the most humdrum of earthly afternoons upon which the lover was expected, but did not come. The description is so pretty, that it is only at a second glance we perceive how curiously earthly and commonplace are the details of which it is made up. The fleshly imagination of the musing maiden whose breast through her white robe, which is 'all unlaid from clasp to hem,' must have made the bar warm—leaning and gazing out, while the other girls play 'loving games,' calling to each other by name—which we suppose is what is meant by the 'Spake evermore among themselves'—is, we think, the most strangely prosaic conception of heaven we have ever met with in poetry. * *

"The blessed damozel has no higher thoughts about her lover than she might have were she watching at a mortal window for his coming. She will bathe with him 'in the deep wells of light;' she will sit with him under a certain 'living mystic tree;' she will take him to the groves where the Lady Mary sits with her hand-maidens; she will ask of Christ the Lord that he and she should live together 'as once on earth.' This is all Mr. Dante Rossetti, who has all his life studied the works of his great namesake, can make of his lady in heaven. Beatrice has other thoughts. But the blessed damozel is of the earth, earthy. There is a dreamy music about the verses notwithstanding the fretful midges and fierce shaking pulse of time—and the mechanical drawback of endless parentheses, and some strangely-defective rhymes, such as that, for instance, of 'pierce' and 'spheres'—which gives a deceptive air of visionariness and spiritual meaning to a thoroughly commonplace conception; but the originality of transferring an ordinary fit of love-longing, set in a bit of evening atmosphere and village landscape, out of earth to heaven, must be fully awarded to the poet. This he has done with unquestionable success."

☞ Advices from Cassel say that nothing in the magnificent treatment of Napoleon would denote that he is a prisoner. He seems rather the honored guest of Prussia.

☞ The Royal Library of Paris, which is now the most magnificent public library in the world, and contains 700,000 volumes, was started 500 years ago with ten volumes.

☞ REMEMBER THIS.—No man can ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief, you must work for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt.

☞ It is a golden rule to judge men not by their opinions, but what their opinions make of them.

☞ "Ferguson, why did you select such a six-footer of a woman for your wife?" "Because, my boy, you know the poet says: 'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved a tall' woman."

☞ A lady in this city charges her pin-money to the clothes-line account.

☞ A man recently returned from the state prison of Indiana, after serving a sentence of twenty-three years, to find his old home occupied by his son, grandson and great-great-grandsons. He was fifty-two years of age when he was sent to prison.

☞ A bridge at Denver, Col., sports this notice:—"No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time."

☞ Young men in Chicago reverse the rules of etiquette, by taking the young ladies' arms while walking on the streets. This gives the fair damsels the appearance of being under arrest by numerous special officers.

☞ One of our leading retail dry goods firms, says the Com. Bulletin, has a lady customer whose bill for goods purchased for her personal wear footed up for the nine months ending July 30, over $9,000. It is estimated that this woman spends for dress-making and millinery in addition to the above, not less than twenty thousand dollars a year.

☞ "I sall tell you how it vas. I drink mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head, and dere vas vone pain. Den I put my hand on mine body, and dere vas anoder pain. Den I put my hand in mine pocket, and dere vas notting. So I jine mid de temperance. Now dere is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vas all gone avay. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dere vas dwenty dollars. So I shtay mid de temperance."

☞ A young man who does not admire blondes, says that the foolish virgins are the red-haired girls who use no oil.

Martha Washington's Watch.

The "Father of his country" had a couple of "love affairs." The first was with Miss Mary Phillipse, a daughter of the owner of the Phillipse estate in Westchester and Putnam counties. With the graces of this lady he was almost incurably smitten, and tradition avers that "George W.," as he is profanely called, "sat up" with his "girl" all night occasionally. But, in the modern phrase, Mary "couldn't see it," and gave George the mitten some time in the year 1756. In 1758 he met the Widow Custis, and not being favored at that time with the advice of the elder Mr. Samuel Weller, he neglected to "beware" of that dangerous variety of the sex, fell over head and ears in love with Mrs. Custis, successfully "sparked" her, and in due course of time was married to her.

His old flame, Miss Phillipse, became the wife of Roger Morris. George's wedding occurred in 1759. After the betrothal of George and Martha, he presented his lady-love with a handsome gold watch, which was manufactured expressly to his order in London. The watch is now in Newburg, and an effort is being made by the citizens to purchase the interesting old relic, and deposit it at Washington's headquarters, in that city. The price asked for it is only $1,000.

It was given by Mrs. Washington to Mrs. Halyburton, her niece, and the mother of Judge James D. Halyburton, of Virginia. The saddest part of its history is that it is now thrown on to the market for sale, as one of the results to its owners, the family of Judge Halyburton, of the fortunes of our late war, which stripped so many of our Southern countrymen of their possessions. The watch bears the name of its maker, "Barwis, London; No. 743." It is of the old-fashioned "bull's eye" pattern, reduced in thickness to meet lady's style. The gold case is inlaid with with white enamel around the edge of back and face. The watch is in its original case, and accompanied by its original key. The letters of the name "Martha Custis" are marked on the dial plate, one letter just outside of each of the figures indicating the hours. The watch is now one hundred and twelve years old. A day or two ago it was "wound up," and ticked as of "ye olden time," but it marked the hours slowly, reminding one of a brave old heart beating on beyond its threescore and ten.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

"Is drunkenness curable?" is a problem of the deepest interest to all good citizens, and anything that promises to aid its solution is worthy of notice. A writer in Putnam for August proposes, as a cure for the appetite for liquors, bromide of potassium, saying:

"There is no 'tapering off' with the devil. Either he has got you, or he has not got you. The first part of the medical treatment in this physical disease requires the immediate removal of the patient from all disturbing influences, of whatever nature. There must be no noisy children about, no quarrelling women, no scandal mongers pouring out their distilled venom to jar upon his nerves and disturb his spirit. He must have absolute quiet and repose. He must take a two weeks' holiday and go to bed, where nothing can trouble him or get at him but one faithful friend.

"Having obtained twelve twenty-grain powders of the bromide he takes one, and after a conflict the sedative wins the victory, and he sleeps. When he wakes the struggle against the taste for liquor begins again, and another powder is taken, and so on, until at last perfect success and glorious victory are attained. The desire for drink will be completely eradicated, and its return will not be likely to occur. During the treatment food should not be taken, unless urgently desired, and then it should be of the most nutritious character. Broths of fowl or beef, steak, and such other meats as are best calculated to preserve the tone of the stomach, are to be preferred."

Open Letters.

A postal experiment is about to be attempted in England which has been tried in Germany with great success, and is there known as the card-post system. The cards are issued by the post-office at a lower price apiece than the regular postage on a letter. They contain a space for an address, another for a message, another for signature. The people of German cities buy them and carry them about in the pocket, but use them to write letters upon, usually in pencil, in the street or anywhere, and simply drop them into the nearest post-office receptacle. For all messages that do not require secrecy one can dispense with pen, stamps and envelopes. In England the card is to cost one half-penny.

BOGUS WAR CORRESPONDENCE.—A London journal says that the back room of the "Ben Jonson," in Shoe lane, is completely taken possession of by foreign correspondents, who are diligently preparing letters and telegrams from the "front," as well as interesting details derived from interviews with the Generals on both sides, the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Prussia, and other illustrious personages. Another paper publishes an advertisement of desirable rooms in the Strand, at a guinea a week, where the latest editions of the newspapers, latest telegrams, &c., are available, and where special correspondents at the seat of war can have every facility for producing their "special war correspondence" free from personal danger and unhindered by official obstruction.

NOT long ago the Independent contained a sensible article on "Getting Married." The substance of it is too true—that while young men say they cannot marry because the girls of this generation are too extravagant, the fault by no means is altogether with the girls. In the first place, young men, as a general thing, admire the elegant costumes in which many ladies appear, and do not hesitate to express their admiration to those who are more plainly dressed. And what is the natural effect of this? In the second place, many young men are too proud themselves to commence their married life in a quiet, economical way. They are not willing to marry until they have money enough to continue all their own private luxuries, and also support a wife in style. The difficulty is not altogether on either side; but if both men and women would be true to the best feelings of their hearts, and care less about what the world would say, pure and happy and noble homes would be more abundant.

☞ If lamp wicks are soaked in strong vinegar for twenty-four hours, then thoroughly dried, they will burn longer and brighter.

The Western Man who Saw the Ocean.

I saw a man at Newport coming out upon the cliff by Easton's Beach, where the ocean all at once lifts up, and looks face to face with the gazer, over the rocks. The ocean was pouring in long rolling waves between Ochre Point and Easton's Point, drumming under the Forty Steps, and breaking with power and whiteness upon the sandy crescent of the beach. The man's face was so pathetic and his look so affected me that I looked myself at the sea again, and felt more than ever the glory of it. He gazed away a little while, and then observing me near his feet, he recovered himself.

"Is that the sea, sir?" he said—"the ocean?"

"Yes."

"It's not a bay, nor a channel, but it's the whole thing, the genuine Atlantic?"

"Yes; there's nothing past that but Europe."

He looked at it again, in silence, for some time, and then remarked:

"It looks just like the pictures of it. It's mighty fine. I never saw it before."

"What part of the world are you from?"

"Born in Ohio, sir. Moved to Kansas. Always a Western man. I came East on purpose to look at the sea, and now that I'm here, I guess I'll enjoy an hour of it."

So he sat down on the grassy cliff and looked, and looked, and there I left him, a delighted worshipper. He will, perhaps, go home to tell his boys how it sounds, how it roars, how the boats gallop on it, how the land on its verge wears a naked look as if smitten by its gales.—*G. Alfred Townsend, in the Chicago Tribune.*

☞ A Paris physician writes asking a renewal of a note which he owes, giving as a reason therefor, "We are in a horrible crisis. There is not a sick man in the district."

☞ There's one thing which can always be found, and that's fault.

☞ Never travel without a pocket companion. A well filled pocket-book is the best.

☞ Advice to Sah-eatere—Deal gently with the herring.

☞ An Oshkosh lady being presented a card-case by an admirer, wished "he had given her a bigger one. This little thing won't hold more'n half a deck."

☞ Creditor—"How often must I climb three pairs of stairs before I get the amount of this little account?" Debtor—"Do you think I am going to rent a place on a first floor to accommodate my creditors?"

☞ The largest Sunday-school in the world is at Stockport, England. It has three hundred teachers, and five thousand scholars.

☞ Footprints on the sands of time—crows' feet.

☞ A French lady's son has just been appointed surgeon to one of the regiments *en route* for the frontier. His mother's last request was, that if he found his treatment killed more than it cured, he should go over to the Prussians, and doctor them.

☞ To cure dyspepsia—close all the outer doors of a four-story house, open the inner doors, and then take a long switch, and chase a cat up and down stairs till she sweats.

☞ Monson has a wonderful apple tree, which bears promiscuously Baldwins and russets, one twig often bearing both varieties. Sometimes an apple is one-half Baldwin and the other half russet.

☞ Jinks says, although he eats but once a day, still he declares he has three meals—rye meal, Indian meal, and mealy potatoes.

☞ Good housekeepers are putting up all the fruit they *can*.

☞ Charles Dickens, in twenty-four works, introduced to the world 1,425 personages.

☞ Mere politicians have a creed and conscience peculiarly their own, which the satirist has pithily summed up in the well-known couplet—

"Get place and pelf—if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get pelf and place."

☞ A Jersey baby died recently from eating painted candy.

☞ Mrs. Malaprop is certainly a most religious woman. Passing down Broad Street last Sunday morning, on her way to church, she expressed her surprise to her bosom friend, Mrs. Ramsbotham, that the new Jewish Synagogue was not open for service!

☞ Keziah Hinton, a colored domestic, who had lived thirty-five years in Dr. McDowell's family, at Bloomfield, New Jersey, has confessed that she fired his barn, poisoned the well, and stole the family silver.

☞ It is said that Susan B. Anthony, who is to lecture again this winter, will have her lecture published in pamphlet form, and such as do not wish to hear her deliver it can purchase the whole thing for ten cents. We predict that the book will meet with a large sale in view of the fearful alternative. —*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ FOUR WIVES.—The following inscription is to be found in a graveyard in a neighboring town, on a stone erected by a much-widowed man to the memory of his four wives, whom he thus economically consigns to eternal bliss in two lines:

"Here lies Susan, Betsey, Rebecca, and Jane,
Forever and ever in Heaven to reign."

☞ A San Francisco cat got into George Francis Train's bedroom and tried to suck his breath. We have not heard whether the cat recovered or not.

☞ Dr. Lauessan, of Paris, worked two hours to restore to life a beautiful girl who had jumped into the Seine. As signs of life appeared in the girl, the doctor grew faint, and when she presently revived, he fell to the floor dead.

☞ AN IRATE CAPTAIN.—A swelling captain of a Mississippi boat squared up to a rather noisy passenger, and in the hearing of all, exclaimed, "Sir, one of two things you must do, keep still or leave the boat!" The tipsy passenger walked clear around the great captain, eyeing him all over, and then said, "Captain, one of three things you must do: work more, eat less or bust."

☞ M. de Ledochowski, Archbishop of Gnesin and Posen, has issued a circular denying that the war on the part of Prussia is in any way anti-Catholic.

☞ Selfishness, by its own law, not only moves in simple circles, but is short-lived. What men do for themselves is soon expended, and is soon forgotten. Only that part of a man's life which includes other men's good, and especially the public good, is likely to be felt long after he himself is dead.

☞ There are over a thousand persons in New York city worth over $500,000 each; three hundred worth over $2,000,000, and eight who are worth over $5,000,000. Of these last, Astor and Stewart are said to be worth $50,000,000 each.

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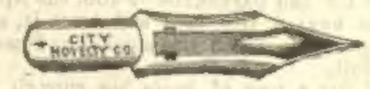

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Tight Boots.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

I would jist like tew kno who the man was who fust iuvented tite boots.

He must have been a narrow and kontrakted kuss.

If he still lives, I hope he has repented ov hiz sin, or is enjoying great agony ov sum kind.

I hav bin in a grate many tight spots in mi life, but generally could manage to make them average; but there is no sich thing as making a pair of tite boots average.

Yu kan't git an average on the pinch ov a tite boot, enny more than yu kan on the bite ov a lobester.

Enny man who kan wear a pair ov tite boots, and be humble, and penitent, and not indulge in profane literature, will make a good husband.

He will do more than that—he will do to divide up into several fust klass husbands, and be made to answer for a whole naberhood.

Oh! for the pen ov departed Wm. Shakspeare, to write an anathema against tite boots that would make anahunt Rome wake up, and howl agin, as she did once before on a previous ockashun.

Oh! for the strength of Herkules, to tare into shu strings all the tite boots ov creashun, and skatter them to the 8 winds of Heaven. Oh! for the buty ov Venus, tew make a bigg foot look handsome without a tite boot on it.

Oh! for the payshunce ov Job, the Apostle, to nuss a tite boot and bless it, and even pray for one a size smaller and more pinchfull.

Oh! for a pair of boots big enough for the foot ov a mountain.

I have been led into the above assortment of *Oh's!* from having in my poseshun, at this moment, a pair ov number nine boots with a pair of number eleven feet in them.

Mi feet are as uneasy as a dog's nose the fust time he wears a muzzle.

I think mi feet will eventually choke the boots to death.

I live in hopes they will.

I supposed I had lived long enuff not to be phooled again in this way—but I hav found out that an ounce ov vanity weighs more than a pound of reason, especially when a man mistakes a bigg foot for a small one.

Avoid tite boots, my friend, as you would the grip ov the devil; for meany a man has caught for life a fust-rate habit for swareing bi encouraging his feet to hurt his boots.

I have promised mi two feet, at least a dozen ov times during my chekard life, that they never should be strangled again—but I find them to-day as full ov pain as the stummukake from a sudden attack ov tite boots.

But this is solemnly the last pair ov tite boots I will ever wear; I will hereafter wear boots as big as mi feet, if I have to go barefooted to do it.

I am too old and too respectable to be a phool enny more.

Easy boots is one of the luxurys ov life, but I forgit what the other luxury is; I don't kno as I care, provided I kan git rid ov this pair ov tite boots.

Enny man ken have them for seven dollars, just half what they cost—and if they don't make his feet ake wus then an angle worm in hot ashes, he needn't pay for them.

Tite boots are an insult to enny man's understanding.

He who wears tite boots will have to acknowledge the corn.

Tite boots have no bowells or mersey; their inside are wrath and promiskious cussing.

Beware ov tite boots.

Too Many Smiths.

In a certain Western city a man determined to get out a directory. They never had one there before, and it was anticipated with a great deal of pleasure. Everybody was rejoicing about it. But the printer who was to set the book up found that he had run out of all his capital S's before he got as far as SMI, and, as he found he was going to lose money on the job, he determined not to buy any more type. So he told the foreman just to lead off all the rest of the names commencing with S with any capital letter that came handy. There were fifteen hundred and sixty-seven Smiths in that town, and when the directory came out the whole of them rushed to see their names in print. It was ascertained that every one of them was described under such names as Mith, Pith, Lith, Jith, With, Xith, Fifth, Hythe, Githe, Iith, Tith, &ith, and over so many more of the same kind. Fifteen hundred and sixty-seven madder men than those fifteen hundred and sixty-seven Smiths never pranced around over the boundless prairies of the West. They waited on the directory man in a body next morning, but he took the early train for San Francisco, and when last heard from had obtained a permanent situation in a Hong Kong temple as assistant idol maker. That city is without a reliable directory yet.

An Amusing Incident.

A gentleman from New Jersey was taken by a friend in Philadelphia the other day, to examine the place where the Penn treaty tree once stood. When they reached the ground, the friend pointed to the place, and remarked that it was the exact spot where William Penn stood when he engaged in the memorable transaction which made him famous in history. The Jerseyman looked at the place for a long while, and walked around it three or four times slowly, and punched his cane in the ground once or twice, and said, "Hem!" and "Hah!" and "Very interesting, very!" Then he thought for a few moments, and said, "But where did the son stand when William shot the apple off his head?" The friend was so disgusted that he hurried off to catch the street car, which was due near there at twenty-seven minutes past three.

HUNGRY.—The Farmington, Me., Chronicle tells of one of the citizens of that place who ate fifty eggs raw, at one sitting, and when asked if he could not eat fifty more if the crowd would pay for them, started for the door, saying—"Perhaps I will, pretty soon, but I am *hungry* now, and must go home to dinner."

That was rather unpleasant for Jones the other evening. A bouquet, apparently designed for one of the performers, hit him hard on the forehead. His old flame, Miss Spicer, whom he has rather neglected of late, was the thrower of the bouquet, and people will talk, you know. Jones, who is very modest, would not have had it happen for the world—especially as his new flame, Miss Bullion, who was with him, was very inquisitive about the matter, and has been a little cool ever since.

General Butler at Tea.

At a tea party in Washington, where General Butler was a guest, the hostess glancing over the table, perceived his cup unfurnished with an important implement, of which he was supposed to appreciate the value.

"Why General Butler," she exclaimed, in a little womanly flutter of consternation, "havn't you a spoon?"

"No, indeed, madame!" quickly responded the General, springing from his seat with well-acted earnestness, and slapping his pockets, one after the other; "upon my word, madame, if you don't believe me, madame, you may search me!"

The laughter which greeted this spontaneous sally, "may be more easily imagined than described."

SLIGHTLY MIXED.—A New-Bedford paper says that one Saturday evening recently, a lady, who lives near a church in that city, was sitting by the window listening to the crickets, which were loudly chirping, the music from the choir rehearsal being faintly audible, when a gentleman dropped in familiarly who had just passed the church and had the music full in his mind.

"What a noise they are making to-night!" said he.

"Yes," replied the lady, "and it is said they do it with their hind legs!"

Obedience to Parents.

Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who has respect for age, always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved, then there is no such thing as truth in the world.

Even when parents are ill-tempered and unreasonable they should be treated with respect and forbearance by their children. Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great, was a woman of ambitious disposition, and occasioned much trouble to her son. Nevertheless, when pursuing his conquests in Asia, he sent her many splendid presents out of the spoils which he had taken, as tokens of his affection. He only begged that she would not meddle with state affairs, but allow his kingdom to be managed peaceably by his governor, Antipater. When she sent a harsh reply to the request which he had made, he bore it patiently, and did not use sharp language in return.

On one occasion, when she had been unusually troublesome, Antipater sent him letters, complaining of her in very grievous terms. Alexander only said, "Antipater does not know that one single tear of my mother is able to blot out six hundred of his epistles."

A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for if your father should find out that you have taken them he is so kind he would not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I would not touch them. It is true that my father would not touch me, yet my disobedience, I know, would hurt my father, and that would be worse to me than anything else."

A boy who grows up with such principles will be a man in the best sense of the word. It shows a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

The Head of Napoleon Bonnparte.

"That ample front, that head shaped to the mould,
Of the imperial globe."—V. Hugo.

It has been said with reason that the forehead on which genius and power sat enthroned, in any other person would have sufficed of itself for an entire physiognomy. For some strange reason, the skull of Napoleon was not opened. The physicians were satisfied to examine it externally and measure it. "The head was twenty inches and ten lines in circumference: the forehead was high, the temples slightly depressed; the occipital region very strong. From such a circumference great capacity in the bony covering, and a highly developed brain may be inferred. In fact, the whole anterior portion of the skull, the frontal region, the eyes, and the nose were perfectly formed; the rest of the physiognomy did not exhibit so happy a combination of features. It is known that a very accurate portrait of the hero of Arcola having been presented to Lavater, after having examined it a long time, by a kind of inspiration he uttered this striking exclamation: "*Here is the soar of the eagle, with the crouch of the tiger!*" —*Medical Independent.*

☞ Sixty pairs of twins less than a year old, is a discovery of the census in one Mississippi county.

WEDDED LIFE.

And if the husband or the wife,
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defects as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask? Who dreams
Without their thorns of roses;
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.—*Whittier.*

Formation of Dew.

There is always more or less moisture in the air. If there is a cubic inch of water in a cubic yard of air, then the air is said to be thoroughly impregnated or filled with water. In such a case, the smallest amount of cold or absence of heat in anything will cause little drops of dew to settle on the surface. Almost any substance will have more or less dew on it when the air is in such a state, because few substances are warm enough to prevent it. Then just in proportion as there is less water in the air, must a body or substance be cooled to produce dew. The blades of grass and the leaves of trees being so thin are quickly cooled by the air when the sun goes down. They radiate or throw out the warmth that is in them, and soon become cooler than the air is, and then the water that is in the air begins at once to settle on them, and in the course of a clear night, will collect there enough to form the "dewdrops." There is never any dew on the bare ground, because it never gets cooler than the air, so as to cause the moisture to settle on it; nor on a cloudy night, because the clouds radiate heat to the ground, which prevents the leaves and grass from cooling, as a cloudy night is always warmer than a clear one would have been from the same cause. The dew does not fall on the leaves like rain, but collects from all directions, and is not seen on the under side, because that side is so porous as to absorb or drink it up, as a sponge does water.—*Little Gleaner.*

☞ CHINESE BUILDERS.—At San Jose a gentleman wanted fourteen houses built. A Chinaman took the job, and hired an American carpenter to build one of them. While he was doing so, the Celestials were lying around and watched every movement he made. As soon as he finished it, the Chinamen discharged him, and erected the others themselves. When they were done, the best judges could not tell which was built by the white man.

☞ An assistant secretary of the British Astronomical Society, Mr. Williams, has just finished a translation of the Chinese records of comets, observed for 2250 years, ending A. D. 1840. This is the only continuous registry of the kind in existence, and is expected to yield important results.

AGRICULTURAL.

Improvement of the Soil by Mechanical Means.

It must be evident to every one that, other things being equal, the permanently productive capacity of the soil will bear a direct proportion to its depth. By deepening the soil the cultivator can change the character of the land itself, and also alter both its physical qualities and change its chemical constitution, and thus fit it for bearing other kinds of plants than those which would be found naturally growing upon its surface; or if those should be considered desirable, he can very easily increase their productiveness. But he cannot deepen the soil without increasing his labor, which is the first consideration of the farmer, especially here where it bears so high a proportion compared with other countries; and in no other branch of business is the strictest economy so essential to success as in the one we are treating of. But here science comes to his aid and warrants the outlay, and suggests that if he deepen his soil his plants will have a wider range for their roots in search of food, which will give increased growth, that the portion of the subsoil brought to the surface by deep ploughing will receive the ameliorating influence of frost and rain, by which previous, perhaps hurtful, properties are altered and washed out, that in the times of drouth those roots can seek the grateful moisture which is being condensed from the atmosphere within its cooler depth; and he finds his account in the increased product of his crop.

The same science will suggest the frequent stirring of the soil to expose fresh particles to atmospheric influence, the use of the subsoil plough, and, where necessary, draining, which has been attended with so much benefit wherever employed. Again, the cultivator can improve his soil mechanically by the use of a different kind of earth from the one to be improved. Fifty loads of stiff clay to the acre, applied in the fall, to a light sand, to be ploughed in the spring, and one hundred loads of sand applied to heavy clay land, and spread any time before ploughing, will be found to have very beneficial effects, and this mixing of soils, where the necessary materials are not too far apart, (which very frequently is not the case,) affords one of the cheap means of improving the soil, especially as the operation can be carried on at such times when the hands and teams might otherwise be idle. A still further advantage attending this method is, that twenty per cent. less of manure to the acre will be attended with equal results in the production of a crop. There are other means of mechanically improving the soil, of which we may take the opportunity to speak on some future occasion.—*Journal of Applied Chemistry.*

Ashes as a Cattle Feed.

In a late number of the Maine Farmer a gentleman gives his experience in treating neat stock affected with a habit of eating wood, chewing bones, &c. His cattle were one spring affected in this way, they became thin in flesh, refusing to eat hay, and presented a sickly appearance. He had an impression that their food lacked the constituents for making bone, but his neighbors used bone meal, without noticing any good results whatever. Last spring he put about four bushels of leached ashes in his barnyard, and threw out to them about a shovel full each day. They all ate it with evident relish. After turning them out to pasture, he put one peck of dry ashes per week on the ground in the pasture. They ate it all up, and gnawed off the grass where it had been lying. The cattle began to improve, gaining flesh and looking better than they had for several years. He says that this morbid appetite was unnoticed years ago, from the fact that the land was new and "ashey" from the burning of the woods and land clearings. He has another proof of the value of ashes for stock from this incident. He had a large tub full of leached ashes which remained in it for some time. It was afterwards used as a watering tub; and when the cattle drank from it, they would lick and gnaw the sides and bottom of the tub, actually biting out pieces and eating them. Latterly he gives one quart of ashes mixed with the same quantity of salt, to twelve head of cattle, about once a week, and finds it to agree with them wonderfully.

Get Leather Bits.

One of the cruelest things done to dumb beasts is putting hard-frozen iron bits into a horse's mouth. It is not only painful but a dangerous act. For every time living flesh touches a metal much below the freezing point, the latter extracts the heat from the former and freezes it. Thus a horse's mouth becomes frozen by the cold iron several times a day put into it; each time causing these freezings to go deeper and deeper, to end at last in extensive ulceration. With such a sore mouth the poor horse refuses to eat and pines away, which calls the horse doctors in. They call it bots, glanders horse-ail, etc., and go to cramming down poisonous drugs, in doses; and the next you know of the poor abused creature, he is trotted off to be food for fish or the crows. Many a valuable horse has been "mysteriously" lost in just that way.

Thinking and humane people avoid this by first warming the bits; but this is much trouble, and sometimes impossible, as in night work like staging and physician's work. Now all this trouble and loss are entirely avoided, as we have found by long trial, by getting the harness-makers to get leather bits for winter use, so made that no metal substance can touch the flesh. They are durable and cost only half a dollar. We would not exchange ours for a gold one, if it could not be replaced. Don't fail to try it.—*American Farmer.*

Lime on Green Sward.

An English writer in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society assumes to have made a discovery in top-dressing green sward with lime and its restorative effect, and describes the process somewhat in detail. Now, if the writer had visited this country, where English farmers imagine agricultural science to be in its infancy, he would have found out, without going beyond the limits of the city of Philadelphia, that the application of lime to sward or sod is a common practice here, especially upon pasture-lands. We have known sward to afford the very best pasture *for fifty years*, without breaking-up, and so maintained by the top-dressing of lime once in from six to ten years, say of from thirty to fifty bushels per acre. These pastures which mostly abound in clay moulds, after being grazed down are restored knee deep with the richest and most nourishing herbage in from four to five weeks. The truth is, nowhere has lime a more marked effect and can be used with more profit than in the renovation of pastures.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Striking Cuttings.

At this season the amateur gardener should commence to strike cuttings for a "window garden." All kinds of "*bedding-out plants*" grow with great ease in these warm summer days. They should be taken from wood partly hardened—not the tender young shoots—and planted in sand with a rich soil at the bottom of the pot. If grown in small pots, they should be sunk in a shady situation, and sheltered from the rays of the noon-day sun. The earth should be kept well watered; if allowed to dry up, it may cost you the life of your pet. As soon as the lower leaves drop, the cutting has struck the root, and in a week can be transplanted to a larger pot, and have all the sunlight you can give it, to make it a vigorous, thrifty plant for winter blooming.—*Rural New Yorker.*

BARNS IN FRANCE.—The barns at present coming into use, are built of brick dovetailed into each other, no mortar being employed—and the interstices, ample for ventilation, will not permit the entry of vermin. The form of the building is round, two or three stories in height, with cone roof. I have observed a few days ago, an oat-bin, some two feet high, standing in a corner of a stable, and occupying but little space. It is filled from the top; the cover being secured by padlock. Outside is a graduated scale that marks the quantity of grain daily withdrawn, and forms a perfect tell-tale in the event of dishonesty.—*Paris Cor. California Farmer.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 49 letters.
My 16, 8, 21, 11, 5, 22, 2, 20, 38, 44, is a celebrated late battle.
My 17, 34, 42, 4, 36, 15, is a famous French Marshal.
My 15, 21, 6, 2, 27, 28, 36, 15, is a dethroned Emperor.
My 26, 42, 11, 21, 43, 14, 39, is a country of Germany.
My 6, 21, 43, 47, 45, is a city in France.
My 26, 28, 43, 22, 33, 15, is a city in Prussia.
My 8, 4, 47, 15, 13, is a beautiful river.
My 17, 21, 37, 2, 10, 33, 40, 27, 39, 47, 45, 5, is a celebrated war song.
My 45, 7, 32, 42, 15, is a late battle.
My 41, 12, 33, 15, 7, is a river in France.
My 29, 2, 8, 13, 21, 33, 15, 44, is a province of France.
My whole is a saying of Zoroaster.

ALECK.

Metigram.

Behold me standing graceful, green and grand,
And yet my whole but four feet can command.
Alter my first and darkness, gloom are mine,
Though in my depths oft precious jewels shine.
Replace my first, my second change, you meet
A breakfast dish when rightly made, most sweet.
Expunge my third and put one in its room,
I'm only happy in my watery home.
Erase my last, insert another there,
"A thing of beauty," I perfume the air.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Algebraical Problem.

There are two casks, one of which contains 30 gallons of wine, and the other 40 gallons of water. There are also two measures, one of which has a capacity of 3 gallons, and the other of 8 gallons. The larger measure is filled from the first cask, and its contents poured into the other; the smaller measure is then filled from the second cask, and its contents poured into the first. The *smaller* measure is filled from the first cask, and its contents poured into the second, and the compound transfer is completed by filling the larger measure from the second cask and pouring into the first.

Required—the quantity of wine in each cask after 10 compound transfers like the one described above.

☞ Send answers to "POST," and solutions to ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Arithmetical Question.

A owed B $500, which was due on January 1st, 1870. A has agreed to pay off this debt, together with its accruing interest at 6 per cent. per annum, by daily equal payments to be from March 1st out during the remainder of said year. The question arises, what sum must A pay daily so as to be clear of this debt and interest with the end of the year? It is evident that A ought also to have interest allowed for each of his daily payments.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why should Romeo not have cared for the month of June? Ans.—Because it was not July yet (Juliet.)

☞ When is a chimney like a chicken? Ans.—When it is a little foul.

☞ Why is the James River like lager beer? Ans.—Because it fills the Dutch Gap.

☞ When is a literary work like smoke? Ans.—When it comes in volumes.

☞ Spell the Grecian Archipelago in three letters! You can't? Why E, G and C, of course.

☞ When is a scolding woman most of-*fence*-ive? Ans.—When she's as deaf as a *post and rails.*

☞ Why did Louis Napoleon wish to identify himself with the Marseillaise? In order to be considered as the National *Aim*, of course.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—"I and my Father are one." DOUBLE REBUS.—Prussia, Bismark. (Proverb, Radii, Useless, Siam, Smyrna, Iser, Adirondack.)

RECEIPTS.

TOMATOES are capable of being cooked in so many ways that we must notice them in their season. Many prefer them simply peeled and stewed, with plenty of butter, but cooked only just enough to fairly heat them through. Others stew them, rub them through a sieve, and stew again until reduced to a thick pulp. We like both these ways; they give two distinct flavors. The last mentioned manner of cooking gives a rich sauce to serve with meats of any kind. But we wish to give some of the less common modes of cooking tomatoes. Peel the fruit, cut it up and let the juice drain from it; put it into a buttered pan with bread-crumbs, butter, salt, and pepper, and bake for half an hour in a quick oven. This is called scalloped tomatoes, and if tried once will probably be repeated. Broiled tomatoes are relished as a novelty. Cut large ones in two, crosswise, put them on a gridiron, cut-surface down; when well seared, turn, put a lump of butter, with salt and pepper, on each one, and cook with the skin side down until done. Baked or stuffed tomatoes are excellent. Large fruit is required; wash and wipe each one, and with a sharp knife cut a good sized plug at the point where the stem was attached, being careful not to cut through the lower surface. This cavity may be filled with a lump of butter, a mixture of butter and bread-crumbs, using salt and pepper, or with any kind of meat chopped very fine, highly seasoned, and mixed with plenty of butter. Put the tomatoes thus prepared in a pan and bake for half an hour, or until well browned.

CORN PUDDING.—Grate green corn from two dozen ears, then carefully scrape the cobs so as not to get the chaff off, put with the corn about a quart of cold milk, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt; if not sweet enough, add more sugar; if too thick, more milk—the consistency depends on the state of the corn. Pour into buttered plates and bake. A delicious dish for tea.